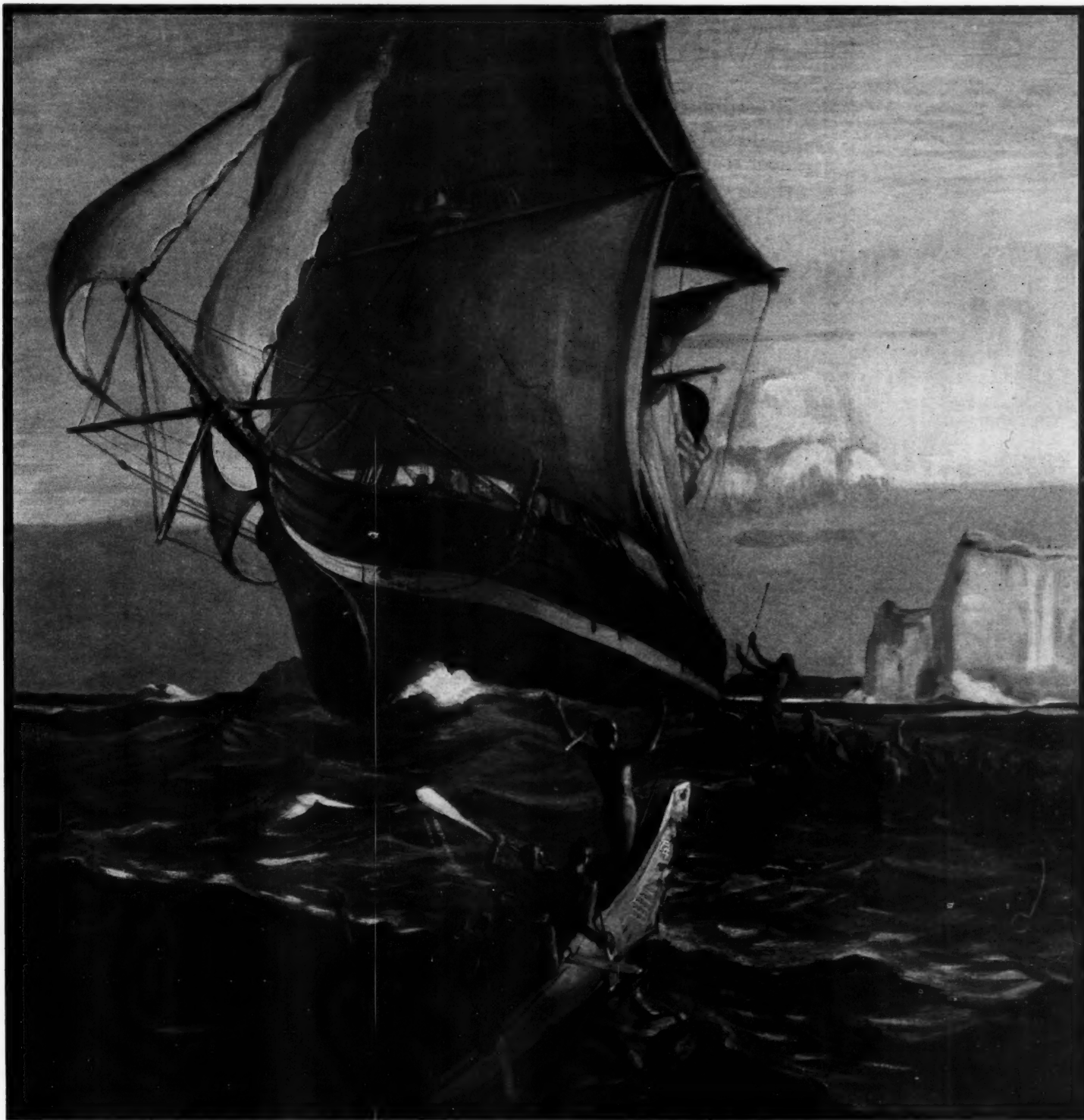


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



IN 1792 CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY • SAILING FROM MASSACHUSETTS WITH BETSY ROSS'S ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES FLUTTERING AT THE PEAK • ENTERED THE MOUTH OF A GREAT WESTERN RIVER • WHICH HE NAMED THE COLUMBIA • AFTER HIS SHIP • THEREBY GIVING THE UNITED STATES A CLAIM TO ALL THE TERRITORY OF A VAST AND OPULENT WATERSHED



"Lucky Dog"
Gift Set No. 1.



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The newest addition to the
"Lucky Dog" line named
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worthy of its name.



One of the best medium-
priced boxing gloves ever
made. Just right for all-
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Old Santa Claus

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The "Lucky Dog" Kind

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A few of the sets are shown in this advertisement. D & M dealers are everywhere. We shall be glad to send you our latest catalogue and the D & M rule book *free*. Send for them.

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD CO.

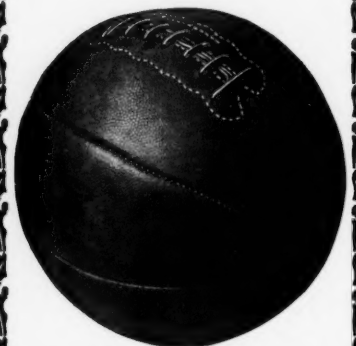
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EVERETT SCOTT'S favorite
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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WHEN THE TURKEY THIEVES CAME

By C. A. Stephens



My cousins Addison, Theodora, Ellen and Halstead came to the old squire's in Maine a year and a half ahead of me and by the time I arrived were well habituated to the place. Among other things then wholly new to me I found the family much interested in a plan to buy an encyclopædia. Previously there had been nothing answering to an encyclopædia among the books in the farmhouse sitting room; the nearest thing to one was Grandmother Ruth's Bible dictionary, which was limited largely of course to scriptural subjects. For a long time the old squire had been feeling the need of a more general reference work, and after we young folks began to arrive he became convinced that such a work would be of benefit to all of us. Master Joel Pierson, who came to teach the district school and boarded at our house, strongly favored the plan.

"Old Joel," as we called him, though he was then only twenty-two years old and was still an undergraduate at Bates College, was by far the liveliest, best and most enthusiastic teacher we had ever had. He had the knack of making even the dullest pupil interested in his studies, for Joel loved learning. He kept the winter terms in our district for four successive years, and how he drove us on! It was under "old Joel" that we took our first timid lessons in Latin.

What Joel advised had weight at our house; the old squire promptly decided to buy the encyclopædia. But the price of the one that we wanted was then a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which at that time seemed formidable. Grandmother Ruth deemed the notion extravagant. But Joel said, "Buy it! You will never be sorry. It is the best piece of furniture you can put into your house!"

It is pretty clear that Joel also had a private conversation with the old squire. "Have these young folks of yours help buy it," he is said to have advised him. "It will do them far more good if they have to earn some of the money for it themselves; they will prize it higher and use it more. It is the things that we work for that we really appreciate. Look at me, squire; I'm having to work my own way through college. But I shall know what my education is worth when I get it!"

So the old squire talked the matter over with Addison and the others and made them an offer: he would buy the encyclopædia and own it with them, provided that during the coming season they would earn sixty-two dollars and fifty cents—half the price. They readily agreed.

At first they thought that the easiest and pleasantest way of raising the money would be to tap a hundred maples out in what we called the sugar lot and boil the sap down to syrup, which at that time sold readily for a dollar a gallon. But on account of the east winds that prevailed almost constantly throughout the month of March it proved an off season for sugar; they did not make syrup enough to market. Next they centred their hope on an acre of yellow-eye beans, which the boys planted, hoed and harvested. But that plan also failed in part. The beans rusted, and the boys raised only ten bushels for market; at a dollar and seventy-five cents a bushel they netted less than eighteen dollars.

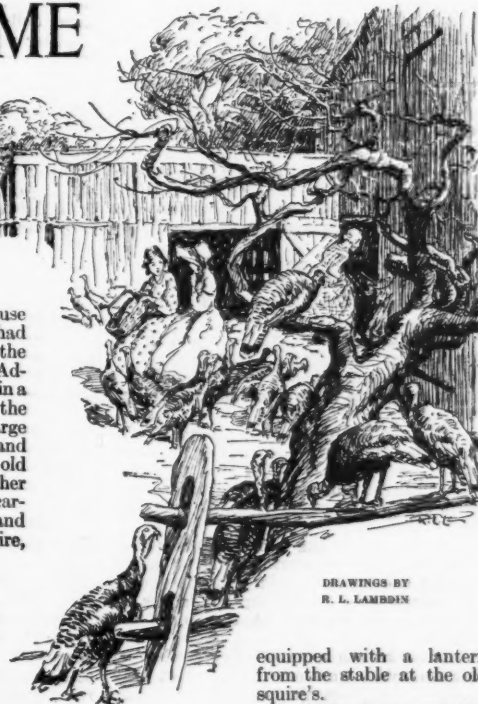
Autumn found them still forty-five dollars short, and the prospect of getting the encyclopædia that year seemed extremely unpromising. Withal they felt very much ashamed to have Master Pierson return in November and find that they had failed, for "old Joel" believed in doing things!

Meanwhile Theodora and Ellen, wishing to do something to help on the good work, had gone in company, during the month of April, with a young neighbor of about their own age, Catherine Edwards, to raise a flock of turkeys for the Thanksgiving market. Grandmother Ruth told them how to proceed. They bought six dozen turkey eggs at another neighbor's, the Wilburs, and set them to hatch under hens.

Not to have their turkeys mixed up with the poultry at the home farm, the girls decided to raise their birds over at what we called the Aunt Hannah lot. That place was perhaps a third of a mile to the southwest of the old squire's and had formerly belonged to his sister; but the old lady had passed away a short time before we young folks went home to live, and the little farm had been joined to the larger one of her brother. The lot lay in the southerly lee of the great grove of maples that marked the sugar lot, and you reached it by a cart road across the west field. The quaint, bare, brown old house and barn stood solitary and unoccupied during most of the time we were at the old squire's.

Except for foxes, hawks and ow's that unused barn was a fine place for raising

of those three girls. They had troubles of all sorts with those chicks. Six died apparently from no cause whatever. Then after the chicks had grown larger a weasel got into the barn one night and killed two. Addison caught the little marauder in a steel trap set at the hole under the sill where it had crept in. A large hawk presently killed another; and then as the summer advanced an old yellow-backed vixen fox began her depredations. That wily enemy carried off five before Addison and Halstead, assisted by the old squire, dug out the burrow and put an end to her career. Then four more young turkeys disappeared in a way that we could not account for. The girls were in a state of constant anxiety, and at last they



DRAWINGS BY
R. L. LAMBDIN

equipped with a lantern from the stable at the old squire's.

I didn't sleep much the first night we were there. An owl came and sat for a long time on the roof, hooting dismally at intervals. Coons too were calling plaintively to one another, and up in the direction of the great woods we heard, or thought we heard, the distant cries of "lucivees." Once Tom opened the door and fired off the gun as a warning to all prowlers. Toward morning we fell asleep. After the first night we were much more courageous.

Every evening thereafter we were wont to set off at dusk, Tom from the Edwards farm, I from our place, and go "so-hoing" to each other till we met over at the gate that led from the old squire's south field into the Aunt Hannah lot; then we would go on down to the old buildings together. Sometimes we kindled a fire in the fireplace of the front room and when we were not too tired read stories for a while.

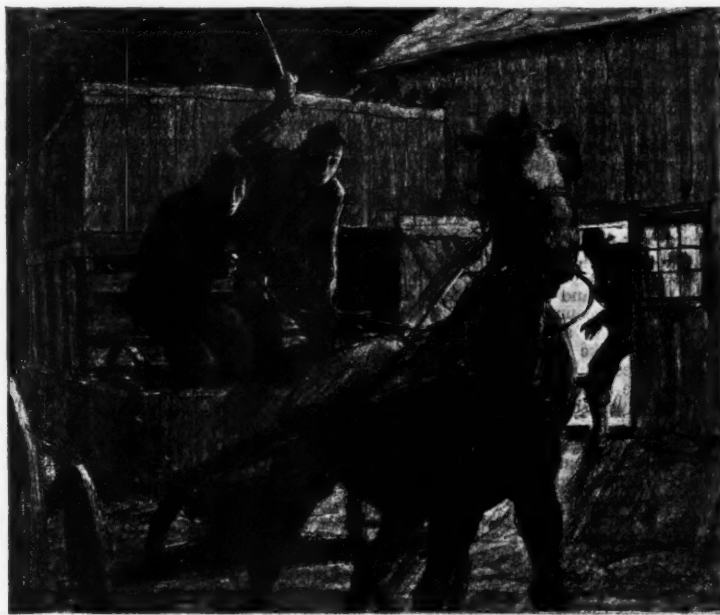
It was, I believe, during the first week in September that we began our vigils there, though, truth to say, we were far from vigilant and generally were sound asleep. In October Tom had to give up his gun to an older member of his family who was going deer hunting; yet no turkeys were lost from that time on till Thanksgiving week about the middle of November, for Thanksgiving Day came earlier in the month than it does now. By that time, however, we did not in the least mind sleeping in the old house; in fact we rather enjoyed it.

But during the night of the fourteenth of November, three days before Thanksgiving, something happened. About two o'clock we both waked suddenly on account of lantern light flashing in at the uncurtained windows. It flashed in two or three times, then disappeared, and we heard slight noises at the barn. "May be some of the folks from your house come over with a lantern," Tom whispered.

That did not seem likely to me, and I said so.

"Then 'tis somebody stealing turkeys!" whispered Tom excitedly and jumped up to look out. "Yes, sir! They're in the barn," he muttered. "The door's open! I can see a glimmer of light in there!"

We opened the house door and stole out softly. There was a thick lilac bush at one side of the doorstep, and we peeped round it. The night was dark and chilly, as if snow were soon coming. Between us and the barn



"Whoa! Whoa! You old fool!" we heard one of the men shout

poultry. The girls set their eggs over there sometime in April. Grandmother Ruth furnished them with sitting hens and went over with them to oversee the setting. Fifty-one chicks were hatched, and when I came in June I found Theodora, Ellen and Kate much engrossed with the cares of their large young flock. One or another of the three was obliged to go over there every morning and again in the afternoon to feed and look after the tender, witless little creatures, for nothing is more frail and helpless than a turkey chick during the first four weeks of its life.

How many trips those girls made over to the Aunt Hannah lot that season I don't know. Ellen usually ran for most of the way; her bare brown head flying along the cart road is one of my earliest recollections of the old farm. Well I remember the worries

besought me, the newcomer, and Kate's brother Tom to sleep over in the old house; the place was so remote and the buildings so lonely that they did not like to pass the night there themselves.

They offered Tom and me a fifth interest in the flock if we would stay there nights and guard the turkeys.

At first I didn't much like the idea of it, for the old house had a rather spooky appearance, but Tom said he would sleep there if I would, and I couldn't well show the white feather at a challenge like that from a boy of my own age. Besides, the prospect of getting the price of six or seven turkeys at Thanksgiving had its attractions. We carried over three blankets, laid a hay bed in the front room of the old house and embarked on our career of watchmen of the flock. Tom fetched his gun, and I was

door, where light glimmered faintly, was some large, dark object, and we heard turkeys "uttering." A moment later a man appeared in the doorway with the lantern, and behind him was another man, carrying two or three turkeys by the legs. They approached the rear of the dark object, which the light now revealed as a horse and wagon with a large crate in it, backed up to the wide-open barn door. We watched them from behind the lilac bush. They thrust the turkeys into the crate, shut it and went back for more.

"Yes, sir-ee!" Tom muttered. "They're stealing our turkeys! Who do you s'pose 'tis! Don't look like anybody I ever saw. It's a black horse or a dark red one."

Evidently the thieves had difficulty in catching the turkeys. For the past month the flock, now full grown, had taken to roosting on the high beams of the barn, and the rascals were obliged to climb up to them with a ladder and at the same time manage the lantern. Several minutes passed before they emerged to the crate again with three or four more. They returned immediately for others.

"Now what shall we do!" Tom muttered. "They don't know we're here. They don't think anybody's watching. Shall we yell at 'em?"

I didn't quite dare. "They would thrash us. They might kill us!" I whispered.

"Maybe they would," Tom admitted. "But we've got to do something. What can we do?"

Just then the rogues came out again with four more turkeys, which they put into the crate.

We caught glimpses of their faces; they were grown men, strangers to us. We began to feel frightened.

All the while the crowded turkeys in the crate were "uttering," and after the thieves had gone back into the barn with the lantern and climbed up the ladder we stole forward to look at the horse and wagon.

"Guess by the sound they've got half of the turkeys," whispered Tom. "But they mean to get them all! Now what shall we do?" he repeated.

"I had better run for home and tell our folks," I whispered. "You stay here and keep watch."

"I don't want to stay here alone with 'em," said Tom. "Besides, they'd be gone, turkeys and all, 'fore you got your folks up and got back here."

While we were worrying over what to do the thieves came out several times with more turkeys.

"We've got 'em all but four or five," we heard one of the men say. "Best to be off, ain't it?"

"No," the other replied. "Let's go back and get the rest. These are nice plump turkeys wuth two dollars apiece!"

They went back, and we crept forth again from behind the lilac bush. Then Tom had a bright idea.

"Let's hop into the wagon and drive lickety-split for the old squire's!" he whispered excitedly.

"Wouldn't they catch us?" I objected; but Tom was already scrambling up, and I followed him.

There was a whip in the socket. As Tom seized the reins I snatched it out and gave the horse a sharp cut.

The surprised animal lunged forward, and we went past the house door with a great clatter.

"Whoa! Whoa! You old fool!" we heard one of the men shout from inside the barn; for they evidently thought their horse had started of its own accord.

I swung the whip again, and the horse started to run. Tom guided it along the cart road.

"Whoa! Whoa!" sounded again and again behind us. And then, "Stop, you! Stop or we'll shoot ye!"

They were chasing us now, and at first I thought they were rapidly overtaking us, for the horse was by no means fast. Once I thought they were near laying hands on the back of the crate.

I plied the whip harder still, and the old horse gathered speed.

Suddenly there was a flash and a report like that of a pistol. They had fired, though perhaps only to scare us. At almost the same moment a stone, thrown from behind, struck the crate. Another went over our heads. That we were badly frightened goes without saying. But the crate sheltered us, and we crouched in front of it and lashed the horse.

The rogues had left the gate into the Aunt Hannah lot open, or they would no doubt have caught us there. We dashed through and came near having a spill in the ditch just beyond, for the horse tried to follow the route by which they had come across the south field, instead of keeping to the cart road up to the old squire's place. Tom had a hard time reining the old nag back across the ditch. I thought that our pursuers would surely catch us then.

We regained the cart road and went on at a gallop, shouting, "Help! Help! Help!" at the top of our lungs as we drew near the farm buildings and dashed into the yard.

After what seemed a long time Addison opened his chamber window and looked out.

"Who's there?" he demanded. "What's the matter?"

"Turkey thieves!" Tom cried. "Get your gun. Come out quick!"

After what seemed another terribly long while Addison issued forth; the old squire and Halstead were following him. We told our story with haste and excitement. Halstead lighted a lantern, but apparently the scamps had gone, and none of us knew the horse or to whom it belonged.

Disturbed as the old squire felt, he laughed when we told him of Tom's bold ruse and the way we had run the still panting old horse along the cart road. "Worstest at their own game," he said; but he looked grave when he heard that they had fired on us.

By that time Grandmother Ruth and the girls had appeared, and Ellen at once began counting the turkeys in the crate. There were twenty-eight—their entire flock except five.

"And they had gone back to get those!" Tom exclaimed. "They meant to make a clean sweep."

"How could any one be so mean and cruel after all our hard work to raise them!" Theodora cried.

"Well, you have their horse and wagon," remarked Addison. "We will make them settle handsomely if they ever come after the rig. I don't believe they will, though."

It was still dark, and snow had begun to fall. We drove into the barn, put the horse into a stall and liberated the turkeys. The barn doors were made fast, and, since we surmised that the rogues might make an effort to recapture their rig before morning, Addison undertook to watch for the rest of the night. But they did not return.

"It will be best to let the law take its course," the old squire said next day. "We will advertise in the county paper and invite the owner to come and prove property. He will no doubt enjoy doing that!" the old gentleman added, laughing.

Accordingly Addison wrote an account of what had occurred, and it appeared in the next week's issue of the paper. "We are holding the horse and wagon at the owner's expense," the account concluded. "He is hereby notified to appear in person, pay charges and make such arrangements as may be decided on."

But no one appeared; and after a fortnight we advertised again with equally barren results.

We went on keeping the horse from Thanksgiving week until into January; and then after further legal notice in the paper the sheriff was empowered to sell horse, wagon and harness at public auction. It was not a valuable outfit and altogether brought but thirty-seven dollars. We took care of course to bring a bill for expenses to cover that entire sum.

From rumors that were abroad during the winter we came to believe that the horse and wagon had belonged to a disreputable citizen who lived five miles from our place. The man's neighbors said that at about the

time of our trouble he had lost a rig closely corresponding to the one that Tom and I had captured. Neither he nor his companion made any stir to recover their property; they were probably only too glad to avoid prosecution. Addison was for following up the matter, but the old squire thought best to drop it.

I have neglected to say that we found the five missing turkeys high and safe on the beams in the old barn. After deducting expenses for feed, the girls calculated that the flock had netted them forty-one dollars.

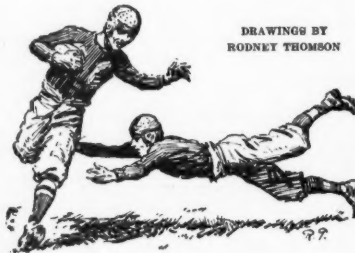
Tom and I were content to receive a

bonus of six dollars, for we estimated the glory from that night's victorious drive at not less than a hundred!

From all sources, shifts and expedients during the season, including the proceeds from the horse and wagon, the encyclopedia fund now reached seventy-nine dollars, enough to pay our half of the cost and meet the expense of a new oak bookcase for it, to be placed in the farmhouse sitting room. Master Pierson had already ordered the work for us. It arrived the first of February, ten handsomely bound volumes that we came to use with increasing frequency.

THE WRONG CAPTAIN

By Peter Hickey



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

DID you ever wonder what happens to all the football coaches? Of course so long as your teams keep on winning you keep on coaching, and if you stand in well with the faculty athletic board they elect you director of athletics after you run out of football ideas. But what about the boys who get their release the first time something goes wrong? What do they do?

You don't need to tell me, because I know. I don't care whether they drive a milk wagon or practice medicine or own a high-class soft-drink hole in the wall, when they are caught up with the day's work as I am now, and have nothing to do except think of the time when they were the idols of hundreds of college boys and girls, I'll tell you what they do. They mope. They think of the happy days that might have been.

Take me for example. If those sixteen empty-headed kids I gave letters to four years ago had only elected the right man captain of the team, do you think I'd be here now? I would not. I'd be a thousand miles from here, and I'd be the greatest coach the game ever saw. Look, here's what my team would have done this year. Look at these scores:

Goddard 75, Princeton 48
Goddard 82, West Virginia 46
Goddard 91, Iowa 63
Goddard 68, Nebraska 42
Goddard 79, Notre Dame 58
Goddard 86, Vanderbilt 35
Goddard 63, Cornell 46
Goddard 60, California 52

That's what my team would have done to the best teams in the United States this fall. I saw it all four years ago just as plain as I see it now. And then those sixteen letter men played me the dirtiest trick that was ever played on a coach. Why, they didn't give the right man even one vote! And what happened was that I was released.

You probably never have heard of Goddard. They never had a team while I was there, and they've never had one since. But they would have had the finest team in the

world this year and last year and the year before that if those "G" men had had any sense four years ago.

I suppose I might as well begin at the beginning. The season was about three weeks along. We were rotten, and had no hope of improving, but I was planning for a good team the next year, because you never can tell what sort of material you may have in the freshman class. I was scrimmaging the freshmen against the varsity three or four times a week, keeping my eyes open for good material. I hadn't seen any yet, but that does not always prove anything. Look at that Parkin boy out at Iowa. Nobody ever heard of him when he was a freshman, and see what he did to Yale when he was a sophomore playing in the first big game of his career.

Well, that particular afternoon I was "razzing" the boys along. I had what looked like a good formation. The four backs lined up in a tandem behind the centre. The line split fast and left ten or fifteen yards between the centre and each of the guards. The backs kept in tandem and went to one side or the other about as far as the tackle on that side. As soon as the boys were set for a cat's wink the ball was shot to the last back, and all four backs went crashing into the other side's end and halfback and tackle and anybody else who happened to be there. I had the guards trained to swing back and get into the interference too. The old play was a smasher and was tearing up the freshmen for ten, fifteen or twenty yards every clip.

Naturally I was feeling fine, because we had practiced that shift for two weeks before it had worked at all, but now that the boys had it timed and knew what they had to do and did it fast and altogether you simply couldn't stop it. Of course I didn't let them know I was pleased. Instead I "razzooed" those freshmen. I asked those ends and halfbacks what prep school team they had ever played on and whoever told them they were all-state material and so on.

Then I began to raise my voice. The next time the varsity smashed through for another twelve yards I bellowed, "Isn't there any freshman on this field who can stop this play?"

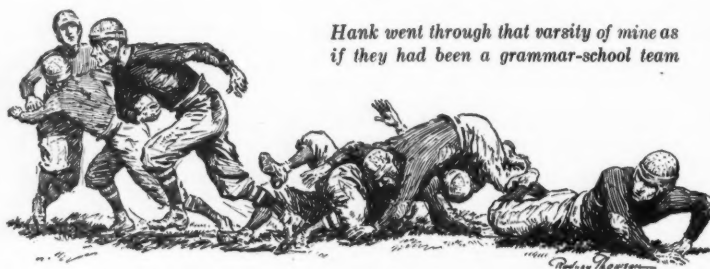
They could hear me all over the field and even up on the bleachers, where a fair-sized crowd was watching the afternoon practice. I saw a commotion over on the west stand, and the next thing I knew a heavy young chap in civilian clothes and a green cap had run out on the field up to where I was standing. I was just going to chase him off fast because I never allowed spectators on the field, when he put his face up close to mine and said just as loud as I had been shouting, "I can stop that play!"

"Go back and get a reputation," I said. "You haven't even pep enough to be out in a suit. Get off this field before you get hit."

But he didn't move. "I don't need any football suit to show you enough stuff to stop that play," he said, and he was confident about it. "Send that right end back to the kindergarten where he belongs, and I'll show you how to spill that end run."

Just because he was so fresh I thought the best way to handle him would be to let the varsity backs trample all over his new clothes and show him what happens to young men who persist in starting something round where I am. "All right, Steve," I said to the end, "step out for a minute and we'll give Big Boy a chance."

The kid didn't take off even his cap. He jumped in there at right end, shifted out



Hank went through that varsity of mine as if they had been a grammar-school team

when we shifted and, without making any fuss about it, threw the runner for a five-yard loss.

"Brick's foot slipped," I said after they had piled off, "or you'd never have got him. Do you think you can stop it again?"

"I can stop that play every time," was his reply.

And you can believe it or not, he did stop it every time—five times in a row and for a loss every time. It was easy the way he played it. He just ran in about five yards and then caught the man with the ball before the interference could get out of the way. If the interference had gone at him, the whole freshman line would have been through on the runner.

That was the way Hank Phenafin came into my life. Hank was certainly a queer customer, but you can quote me as saying he was the greatest football player the game ever saw.

The next day I made sure that he was out in a suit, and I learned incidentally why he hadn't come out sooner. It seems he had just got into town the day he spoiled my split play. The first thing he did was to go to the college bookstore and buy a freshman cap, and then he paid a call on the president of the college.

"Prexy" told me about it afterwards. He was sitting in his office, figuring where the money was coming from for the new chemical laboratory, which had been a paper building for the last twenty years, when Hank breezed in.

"Are you President Dusenbury?" asked Hank. "I'm Henry T. Phenafin. You can remember the name because it's what every name sounds like when you don't quite catch it. Phenafin, like that. That's it, Phenafin."

Old "Prexy" didn't get a chance to say a word before Hank went right on, "I just joined your college today, Mr. Dusenbury, and I wanted to drop in and show you that I had the uniform all right"—he twirled his cap a bit—"and just ask you where the football field is and when the boys start their afternoon workout. I know that none of your regular colleges let a freshman play, but I'd like to get acquainted with the boys who'll be playing with me next year."

It didn't take "Prexy" long to give Hank the right hand of fellowship, but before he could tell him where the football field was Hank asked, "By the way, how does the college yell here go?"

And when "Prexy" told him Hank said it over to himself like this:

"Goddard, Goddard, Good old Goddard,
Bully for Goddard, Rah!
Goddard, Goddard, Good old Goddard,
Bully for Goddard, Rah!
Hullabaloo,
Red and Blue,
Goddard, Goddard, Rah!
PHENAFIN! PHENAFIN! PHENAFIN!"

By the time Hank got to the three Phenafins on the end he was going strong. "Why, that doesn't sound bad, Prex, does it?" he said. "You'll hear that yell a lot next fall."

"That's the long cheer, Phenafin," said "Prexy" with all the dignity he had. "It is one of the traditions at Goddard that that cheer is never given for any individual."

"What do you yell when a man makes a good play?" Hank asked.

So "Prexy" repeated the short cheer, and Hank tried it a time or two until he knew it. That one goes like this:

Who's the boy?
Who's the boy?
Phenafin's the boy.
He's the bee's knees.
Good old Phenafin!

"That cheer doesn't appeal to me so much as the other one," Hank said to the president. "It doesn't sound so impressive. I guess I'll have the tradition changed next year so that that long cheer can be given either for me or for Goddard. Otherwise the only cheer they'd ever give during the football season would be that short one for me, and folks that didn't know any better might think the name of the college was Phenafin. Glad to have met you, Mr. Dusenbury. I hope I'll see you out there rooting for us next fall." And Hank eased himself out of the office.

The president had got an unpleasant impression of Hank. He thought Hank was stuck on himself. What he said was that Phenafin seemed to be suffering from an

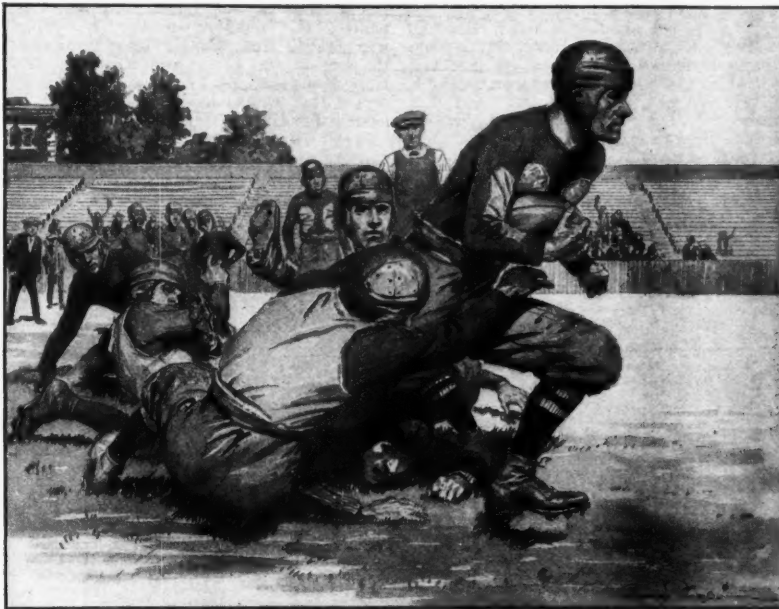
over-developed ego, but what he meant was that Hank had a swelled head. Now I'd never think of holding it against an athlete because he thinks he's good—that is, if he can back it up.

Hank was out for practice with the freshman team the next afternoon, and he gave me more thrills than I ever got before in my life in the same length of time. Right at the start I told him to go over in a corner of the

speed, or that he knew how to dodge and how to pivot, as it was that he knew how to do everything and always picked the right method to elude any individual tackler.

The freshman full back failed to kick the goal after touchdown; he was nervous, for he was not used to trying that play against the varsity.

"Never mind, son," Hank said to him, "you'll get plenty of chances to practice



He knocked or dragged my six big guards and tackles anywhere from five to fifteen yards

field with one of the freshman substitutes and learn their signals.

"There's no sense to that, coach," he said. "I can't waste my time learning signals."

"How do you think you're going to play end," I asked him, "unless you know where the plays are going?"

"I'm not an end. I'm a quarter back."

"If you're a quarter back, Big Boy, you have to know the signals!" "Not me," was his cocky reply. "Try me and see."

Can you imagine a quarter back's not knowing the signals and expecting to run the team? Neither could I. But my motto is that the only way to cure a lad who thinks he can do something is to let him try to do it. So I said, "If you're satisfied, young fellow, I am. You're quarter back on the freshmen. Freshmen, receive the kick-off and see how many plays it takes you to get to the thirty-yard line."

I thought that would take the wind out of Hank's sails, because I figured that he thought the varsity always ran plays at the freshmen, and that the freshmen were never given a chance to rush the ball themselves. I was curious to see what he would do. Remember he didn't know a signal, and he had seen the two teams play just once before.

Brick Moffatt kicked off for the varsity. The ball went high and almost to where Phenafin was waiting to catch it down near the goal line. The closest varsity man was within ten yards of Hank when he caught the ball. What happened after that was well worth the price of admission to a big game. I've seen most of the good open-field runners perform, from Eddie Mahan and Frank Frisch down to Aubrey Devine and Harry Kipke, but that boy Phenafin was much better than the best of them. Hank went through that varsity of mine as if they had been a grammar-school team. I don't think anyone even touched him. It wasn't so much that he was fast, although he had plenty of

kicking goals before the end of the afternoon."

I made the varsity kick off to the freshmen again. The same thing happened. Hank got the ball and ran and dodged and squirmed and pivoted and straight-armed his way for another touchdown. We had some good tacklers on the varsity too, but the way Phenafin was going that day even an all-America team couldn't have stopped him.

The next kick-off went to one of the freshman half backs, but what did Hank do but run up alongside, take the ball out of his hands before the half back started to run, and it was three touchdowns on three plays. Hank hadn't needed to know any signals thus far.

After that just to get him into a more submissive frame of mind I gave the freshmen the ball at one end of the field, lined the varsity up against them and told Hank to make another touchdown if he could. It is harder for a back to tear off a long run when the other team is lined up against him than it is when he has them scattered all over half the field. Besides, Hank didn't know the signals, and his team would not open any large holes for him. So I expected him to get what was coming to him, so to speak.

Well, Hank snapped out, "Freshmen back!" gathered them all round him for about thirty seconds and then sent them to their places. He stood about ten yards behind the centre, took the ball on a direct pass and started on a lope round left end. When he got almost over to the side of the field he turned round and came back. That gave him an open field to run through, and he ran through it! I couldn't believe I was awake.

I decided to call it a day. "Phenafin," I said, "you're a pretty good open-field runner, although of course that doesn't mean anything this afternoon, because the boys haven't really got into condition yet. An open-field runner isn't much good these days anyway. There are too many good ends and half backs to keep him from getting away. Now if you could only smash through

the line you might have quite a future ahead of you."

I was planning to keep on with that line for a while longer, but Hank interrupted me. "Old timer," he said, "I'll show you a trick. Give me the ball on the ten-yard line and shove every man on the field between me and the goal. I'll go through them anyway you say."

I was glad to get the "rise" out of him because it gave me a chance to show him up and so get him back into the right attitude for a freshman to have. I picked out half a dozen big boys, gave Hank the ball and told him to go through them if he could. You know it's one thing to side-step a tackler, and it's something else again to break through him, especially to break through six tacklers when each of them weighs more than you do. I was sorry for Hank because I was afraid he was going to get hurt in body as well as in mind.

But he didn't. You've probably heard of Ted Coy and Jim Thorpe and Gordon Locke. Hank Phenafin was all three of them as a line smasher and about half a dozen more. He knocked or dragged my six big guards and tackles anywhere from five to fifteen yards from where they were standing when he hit them. We tried it a couple of times more with fresh men to see if it was a fluke, but it wasn't. Hank could not only run round my team, but he could run over them too.

I couldn't stand any more. I sent the boys to the showers and went home to think things over. Here I had the ten greatest football players the world ever saw, rolled into one, and he had three years of varsity competition before him. Any time the other team kicked off or punted we made a touchdown. Any time we could spread the other team out we had another. Any time we got within ten or fifteen yards of the goal line we had another. Against any team, mind you, any team in the country!

There must be a catch in it somewhere, I said to myself. But there wasn't. The next day I had a talk with all of Hank's professors and told them to spring an examination on their classes that day. They told me later that Hank was a regular Phi Beta Kappa man—which was their way of saying he was bright. And then I had them assign an extra-long lesson to be done in one day. I was afraid Hank might be lazy. He did all the long lessons.

Then I had an idea that almost made me sick. What if the boy were some college graduate who was coming up to Goddard under an assumed name just to play a joke on me and the rest of the college? I got Hank's high school principal on the long-distance telephone within twenty-five minutes after that idea hit me. It was a false alarm. The principal had known Hank since Hank was a little fellow and was prepared to swear that Hank was only twenty years old and had never played football or indulged in any other kind of athletics at any college or on any professional team. It was too good to be true!

I figured quite a while before I concocted a plan that would get me games with three or four big teams the first year. After that of course we could get all the big games we wanted—after folks had found out about the sort of team I had developed. My idea was to offer an exceptionally high guaranty for a game in a big city not far from Goddard. We had an alumnus who had money and was interested in football, and I knew I could get him to put up cash in advance if any of the big teams were dubious about that part of it. There were three or four colleges with good football teams that had so many alumni living in that city that they would be glad to play there for a proper consideration. Then to get a crowd out to the first game I would offer anyone who bought a ticket his money back if Goddard lost and if necessary would agree to figure Goddard's score three touchdowns a quarter or so count.

By the time I had everything lined up in my mind about the touchdown-every-play team I was going to have the season was nearly over, and Hank and I were making plans for next year almost every night up in my room.

"It's like this, Spike," Hank said to me once, "there are only three or four good tacklers on any team, even on a good team. If we have our boys trained to block, three against one, as soon as we know the three or



THANKSGIVING

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

HERE is a familiar and cynical saying that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come. Like most other cynical utterances this saying has a sufficient garment of truth to conceal the body of falseness that it clothes.

Thus it is true that except occasionally in people who have lapsed into the drowsiness of old age the spirit of thankfulness does not exist in those whose habit it is to dwell in the past. Such people are morose and grudging. The spirit of thankfulness is a forward-looking and a hopeful spirit. Anyone who has a forward-looking and hopeful spirit is animated by a lively sense of favors to come—not necessarily favors doled out by friendly human hands and to be won perhaps by an attentiveness verging upon servility, but favors that proceed from a beneficent Creator and that give to men their deepest reasons for enjoying life. These favors embrace more than the beauties and the glories of the visible world, more than the blessings of health and the love of family and friends, more than the variety of pleasures and delights that come to us through the door of our senses, more than the qualities of intellect and character that give us such individuality as we have; they include also the disposition and the capacity to use our possessions, our gifts, our powers for the assistance of others who are weaker, less fortunate, less well equipped than ourselves. In other words, among the reasons for being thankful is the fact that when we stop to think of it we know that we are helpful to some one else as well as hopeful on our own account.

Of course we should become smug and grish if we were continually conscious of our

helpfulness. We should not be really intelligent if we were always and unvaryingly hopeful. We should not be sensitive and sympathetic if we were filled with a feeling of thankfulness day in and day out.

But as the tendency of most people is to comment with greater warmth of feeling on all that they find irksome, burdensome and unfair in life than on all that they find pleasant and attractive, the setting apart of one day in the year on which they are encouraged to consider and acknowledge their blessings is unlikely to create a national vice of complacency.

People do not honestly and reverently give thanks because their most selfish desires have been gratified. On Thanksgiving Day they make unselfish acknowledgment of obligation and they resolve to fulfill it unselfishly. Conscious on that day of their own special reasons for happiness, they are even more keenly aware than at other times of the woe and suffering in the world. That life has its tragic victims is a fact that comes home with special force to thoughtful persons on Thanksgiving Day. They find it hard to keep a pharisaic feeling from intruding into their thanksgiving; they are of course thankful that they and theirs have not been numbered among the tragic victims. If they resolve to do what they can to repair the havoc wrought blindly by fate, if they resolve out of their strength to give courage, out of their abundance to give sustenance, out of their sympathy to give healing to those who are the victims of tragic life, they do most truly and reverently give thanks on Thanksgiving Day.



"Well, where in the world can she be then?" cried Theo. "We stayed a while at her cabin, and she wasn't there. Does any one know?"

No one knew; it was plain that the negroes were too much in awe of Marm Debbie to be well acquainted with her affairs. All declared that she was undoubtedly safe, however, that possibly she had gone out for wood or on some other errand during the first lull and was no doubt waiting somewhere till it blew over and she could return to her cabin. Swallowing his fears, Uncle Neb said he would go to her cabin after a while and see whether she was all right.

The rest of the day proved strenuous for the two girls. The awful wind mitigated to a marked degree, but the rain continued to pour in unbelievable torrents, and the water began to rise and flood the marshes. Fortunately the Spencer plantation was on a higher level than most of the land about it and so stood a good chance of escaping the flood. People in other parts of the island, however, were not so fortunate. Before the day was over neighbors began to flock in, driven from their houses by the rising flood. By evening the Spencers had no less than fourteen guests, and Aunt Adelaide and the girls were hard put to it to find accommodations for them all. Fortunately there was no lack of food in the house, and in spite of their predicament they had an almost jolly supper that night; everyone was glad to be alive and safe and dry even if the danger were not yet all past.

After supper Uncle Neb caught the attention of Miss Spencer and the two girls as they were about to go upstairs to make up beds for their guests. With an air of mystery not unmixed with fear he whispered to them that he had been down to Marm Debbie's cabin and had looked in to see if she were all right, but the cabin was still empty.

Miss Adelaide was instantly concerned. "This must be looked into at once!" she declared. "I can't allow Marm Debbie to come to harm. Who is willing to volunteer to go out and hunt for her?"

Ralph at once volunteered, and one or two of the men folks who had come to find shelter also offered their services. Faithful Uncle Neb of course joined the party. With lanterns and electric torches they ventured out into the swirling storm and darkness

and did not return until well after midnight.

Meanwhile Miss Spencer and her two nieces had to see to the disposal of their impromptu guests for the night. They gave up their own rooms to the women and children and made beds for the men on the floor of the living room and the large hall. Miss Spencer intended to stay in her sister-in-law's room. The two girls suggested that they themselves make a bed on an old mattress in the attic and were—so Miss Spencer thought—inordinately delighted when she gave them permission. But when at last all had retired and they were left to themselves with a candle in their attic retreat Theo uttered a half smothered "Hurrah!"

"At last we're alone!" she cried. "I thought we never should be! Now we can get to work on that letter—I'm sure it must be a letter!—and see what it's all about. I'm so glad you thought to bring up the French dictionary. Let's go right at it!"

"And I think we'd better write it down too as we make it out, for it's pretty long, and we might forget some of it. I brought up a pencil and paper. Here, you take them and write while I do the translating." Antoinette thrust them into Theo's hand.

Translating was by no means easy, for the writing was faded and indistinct. In many places, owing to creases and tears in the paper, it was wholly illegible. Moreover, there were a number of French colloquialisms with which Antoinette was unfamiliar. But when they had finished writing out the best translation they could make of it enough was plain to cause them to sit back and gasp with astonishment and awe.

"Read it again, Tony!" whispered Theo. "I can hardly believe my ears! And yet we must have got it right!"

Antoinette reread it:

"Dear friend of my heart: It has all happened so suddenly that I scarcely know how to explain. As I was leaving the house tonight a telegram was handed to me. It

contained . . . my father is very ill. He will not live—not long. France is on the eve of war. Germany . . . they may besiege Paris shortly. Perhaps one cannot enter the city. If I would see him, it is necessary . . . I come at once . . . not an instant's delay. I returned to my room, packed a few . . . I could not leave word of my movements there for reasons you know of. I hurried to the shipping docks . . . so fortunate as to find a vessel sailing for London . . . three in the morning. I engaged passage on her, left my things there with word I would return before sailing time. But the other . . . sacred commission must be . . . first.

"I learned early this evening that . . . pursued by 'Jasper's' men. They have discovered what we plan. It is known—the secret. Two of the . . . probably try to rob me of it tonight . . . know it is here in the house. I knew that our only safety lay in getting it away and hiding . . . safely. You would not be home till tomorrow . . . I could not explain to anyone . . . safest at the plantation. I took the Lucy and sailed down. The wind . . . favorable. It will be harder coming back, but . . . reach the steamer in time.

"Unfortunately Ralph was away hunting . . . no one here that I could trust except Marm Debbie. I know she is absolutely faithful to you. She and I have hidden it. She will tell you where. I write this now in her cabin. She will give it to you. It will explain all. I have warned her . . . to no one else.

"The time . . . short. I must . . . if I would make the steamer . . . sails. Would that I . . . see you once before I go . . . impossible. You have all my heart. . . return soon and . . . parted nevermore. Tell Ralph where it is hid. He . . . finish what I could not. The other is with it. There is no better hiding place . . . at present. Au revoir, my . . .

"Your faithful one."

"Is there any doubt, is there the slightest doubt, by whom it was written and to whom?" cried Theo.

"Not the least, although there are no

names. It certainly is Alan Ravel's hand writing," declared Antoinette. "It's the same as that in the little Bible, and whom could it have been written to but Aunt Adelaide! Oh, we have the explanation of the whole thing right here!"

"No, we haven't everything," said Theo. "Some of it I can't understand at all. For instance, why didn't Marm Debbie give this to Aunt Adelaide?"

"That's absolutely simple. Because that very night the persons who were pursuing Alan must have tracked him down here and go after Aunt Debbie somehow and tried to make her tell them something, and she probably wouldn't, and they had a struggle and hit her on the head, and she never recovered her memory. Don't you remember how she always keeps saying, 'Dere was two ob dem!' And then when we saw her that night in her cabin having that awful time and looking at this note she said, 'Oh, why can't I remember!' or something like that. She simply couldn't remember who she was to give it to, and so she wouldn't give it to anyone!"

"Well, anyway," said Theo, "Alan Ravel was faithful and didn't do anything mean or dishonorable. That's a wonderful thing to know, isn't it? Oh, Aunt Adelaide must know this right away! Think what it will mean to her!"

"Yes, she must know as soon as possible, but I do believe we had better not tell her tonight. She's had an awful day, and she's probably busy now with your sick mother, Theo. I say that we wait till this awful hurricane is over before we tell her all we've found out. It isn't good for people to have too many shocks and surprises at once."

Theo agreed, and they fell silent for a few minutes while the rain thundered on the roof close above their heads and the wind howled out over the marshes. But try as they would, they could not compose their excited thoughts for sleep.

"But why didn't he ever come back or write to her or something?" exclaimed Theo, coming out of a deep reverie.

"That's a mystery. He mentions something about war. But if he wasn't in it himself, it isn't likely he got killed or anything like that. Even if he had been in the war, I should think he'd have had time to write back here once or twice."



For a while both girls were silent; then Antoinette exclaimed: "What I want to know is about the thing that was hidden! Can you imagine what it is or where it came from or why he should have had it, Theo?"

"I simply haven't an idea. It was evidently something valuable or important. But the most important thing is where it is hidden."

"There's only one person who knows, and that's Marm Debbie if she remembers!" declared Antoinette. "Do you suppose that memory had been wiped out of her mind too?"

"Wait a minute! Don't you remember when she went down to the pool those nights she kept muttering something, and you said she kept repeating, 'It's safe—safe!' over and over? That shows plainly enough that it's in her mind, doesn't it? If she knows it's safe—and I'm sure it's the thing that's hidden that she's alluding to—she surely must know where it is!"

The argument was convincing; yet there were obstacles, as Antoinette pointed out. To begin with, how were they to make Marm Debbie understand about the subject? They must approach it most carefully, else she might resent interference in the matter and refuse to give them any information. There was no conjecturing what turn her poor, bewildered mind would take.

Theo hazarded the guess that the thing, whatever it was, might have been hidden somewhere beneath Marm Debbie's cabin floor, and Antoinette agreed with her that it was a most likely spot. Who would ever suppose that a treasure or an important secret was concealed in such a place? But that conjecture brought them suddenly to another: where was Marm Debbie now? Had they found her yet, and why had she left the shelter of her cabin in the teeth of such a fearful storm?

They could not think of any satisfactory answer to the questions; so they only sat and waited, listening for the return of the party that had gone out to search for her. Sleep was impossible. What with the excitement of their narrow escape in the morning, the hurricane and the confusion that followed it and lastly the remarkable discovery that they had just made, it is doubtful whether they would sleep at all that night. So they sat listening and whispering and going over and over the strange new clues till shortly after midnight. Then there was a baying of the hounds that had been taken out to help trace the missing one, a trampling of feet and the sound of voices at the back entrance of the house.

"They've come!" cried Theo, jumping up and relighting the candle. "Slip on a wrapper, Tony, and we'll run down and see what the news is. Oh, I hope they've found her safe!"

The two girls slipped into wrappers and hurried downstairs, meeting Aunt Adelaide in the hall. But it was a tired and discouraged party that entered. They had searched every foot of the plantation and even farther, but of poor Marm Debbie they had found no trace except one, her great, silver-bowed spectacles caught in a bush not a hundred feet away from her own cabin. It was evident that during or just before the first terrible blow she had gone out on some unknown errand or for some reason hidden in her crazed mind, and that she had been caught in the storm and perhaps hurled into the creek and carried away.

"She sho' must have been hit!" declared Uncle Neb. "She sho' was possessed ter git out in one of dem blows! I doan know why for. I done reckon she roamed off in one we had 'bout twenty years ago. Yo' wan't here den, Miss Adelaide. She done traipsed off right in de wust of hit, an' we foun' her down by de pool, pinned to de groun' wid a big branch of a tree dat done fell on her! Lucky she wan't hurt much, an' hit kep' her from blowin' away! No sech good luck dis time, I reckon!"

"Poor, poor Marm Debbie!" said Miss Spencer, sighing. "We should have kept a better watch over her, especially at a time like this. I had no idea she was likely to do such a thing. I'm afraid the worst has happened to her. She was very old and had lost her mind, but I always have had a real affection for her. She used to be fond of me; in fact she was my special nurse and servant till I grew up. She changed a great deal after she had her accident, seemed rather to dislike me from that time. Well, there's nothing more can be done tonight. Thank you all for what you've tried to do, at least. And now we'd better all get what sleep we can."

Up in their attic again with the candle out the two girls clasped hands. "O Tony, if Marm Debbie is really dead, how are we ever going to find out the rest of the mystery?" whispered Theo. But Antoinette had no answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE COUP OF NANCY CANTEEN



By Franklin Welles Calkins

DRAWINGS BY W. P. DODGE

WHEN my folks settled in northwest Iowa our nearest neighbors were Rudolph and Nancy (Canteen) Anderson, who lived in an old four-room log trading-house at Okoboji Lake. There for many years Joe Canteen with his Indian wife as his housekeeper had traded for furs. In 1830 he purchased for a horse and a gun a little white girl, a captive who knew no other life than that of the Iowa Sioux. He named the child Nancy and sent her for four years to a mission school at Green Bay. After that as his adopted daughter she helped him in his business when bands of Indians or trappers came.

When Nancy was eighteen years old Canteen was prostrated by an attack of intermittent fever. It was early April, and fortunately trade was not expected until May. As he lay one afternoon in one of his fits of stupor Nancy took the lake boat and went fishing. After some trolling she ran into a school of pike, and for a time the sport was brisk and exciting.

When at length the girl turned the nose of her boat toward home she was startled to see five Indian tipis set up at some distance below the trade house. She paddled rapidly shoreward. On reaching the house she found Natapa—Canteen's wife—in the storeroom and three Indians standing by while the woman overhauled packs of robes and furs piled on the floor. Nancy would have passed into her father's room, but Natapa rose to her feet in front of her.

"You make trade, Nancy," Natapa said. "Spik always with hands. I tol' 'em trader be back tonight." Without further explanation she passed into her husband's room.

As Nancy greeted the newcomers with the usual "How-how" she noticed that they were Sioux of the western and wilder tribes. She was about to open trade when the wooden latch of the living room door lifted, and a stout Sioux squaw bearing two rifles under one arm came into the store and strode past her.

Two of the men eagerly pounced upon the guns. "Hoh! Hoh! Hoh!" they cried, grinning in delight.

The squaw ran outside, and the man without a gun turned to Nancy and told her in swift sign talk that the Sioux had brought five travois packs of skins and would trade only for guns and ammunition. The trader's woman, he said, had told them that the trader had no guns. The squaw of course did not know. He finished with a sour twist of the lips.

The two rifles that the stout squaw had found had been hanging on hooks against a wall of the living room. Those kept to sell to trappers were packed in a chest under a heap of blankets behind the counter. Territorial authority at that time forbade the sale of firearms to Indians.

Startled by what had happened, Nancy yet had presence of mind to seem unconcerned. She bent over the pile of skins and began taking account of them. There were six good buffalo robes and a mixed lot

of pelts: wolf, lynx, red and gray fox and two packs of beaver. She got pencil and paper and figured the values; then she brought from the counter shelves an eight-pound cask of powder, a sack of "buckshot bullets" and some boxes of percussion caps; setting them on the floor, she made a gesture to indicate, "That's enough."

The Sioux looked at one another, and their spokesman made a sign of assent. They had many more skins, packs of beaver, that they would bring in soon, he said. Nancy replied in emphatic sign talk that the store had no more rifles for trade.

"This white squaw too is a liar," one said in a dialect that the girl understood.

"We will wait for that trader," another added, and the trio took their purchases and walked out.

Nancy went to her father's room and found him still asleep; Natapa was sitting beside his bunk. Nancy told the woman what had happened.

"Yes, I know," Natapa said in their Iowa tongue; "those bad Sioux came on me suddenly. That squaw got in while I was talking. I know nothing what to do." Nancy saw by the hopeless expression on the woman's face that she believed her man was about to die, and that the Sioux would soon discover that no men were there.

The girl went back to the trade room and sat down to think. It was evident to her Indian-trained mind that the party of seven or eight men and several women had come far, bringing the robes and furs of the tribal catch to trade solely for guns and ammunition. That meant war. The plains Indian of that day hunted nearly always on horseback and used the bow effectively. She must go after white men to drive the fellows off.

At the outlet of the lake, where it ran into the Little Sioux River, two trappers, Anderson and Bailey, had their cabin. The place

was two hours' walk across the prairie. The men had always brought the furs they took or traded for to her father for sale. Nancy's face grew warm as she thought of the frequency of young Anderson's visits when the snows were on. She would go after them.

The Indians did not come to the store again that afternoon. Sometime in the evening Natapa called Nancy to her father's room. She went in alarm, but found that he had awakened; the fever was gone, though he was still weak. Natapa had informed him of the Sioux's threatening visit, and the girl now told him what she planned to do. He nodded in approval as she finished.

"Do it, Nan," he said, "but don't start till late. Get my loaded pistols from beneath the bunk here and stick them under my pillow," he added.

It was after midnight, still and starlit with no stir of life outside, when Nancy set forth. She had packed fourteen rifles in two bundles, each wrapped in blankets. She carried the bundles one at a time and laid them noiselessly in the bottom of the skiff behind the house. She had dressed in a store shirt, leggings and moccasins so as to look like a man if anyone should see her.

On her return from fishing she had dragged her boat high upon a gravel beach out of the reach of the waves, and now, try as she would, lifting first one end and then the other, she could not get the craft afloat noiselessly. The grinding of its winter-dried bottom on the shore brought a whinny of inquiry from the horses and an outburst of barking from the dogs at the Sioux camp. Certain that the wily occupants of the teepees would soon be on their feet, Nancy got the boat into water as quickly as possible.

She used a broad-bladed paddle instead of the noisy oars of the skiff and pushed out on the still waters for a mile or more. Then she turned at a right angle and paddled across to the east shore, which she reached north of the outlet. She paddled alongshore until she had rounded a jutting, timbered point near the stream that flowed from the lake.

She was soon launched upon the current of the creek, the bed of which is perhaps ten steps in width. A recent thaw had raised the level of the water two or three feet and quickened the flow. Here and there between growths of willows and small trees a beaver dam gave her a moment's delay in getting round or across it.

Nancy felt her pulse quicken as under the stout strokes of her paddle her boat swept over the reaches and round the curves of the creek. When she had pushed on for as much as two hours she knew that the mouth of the outlet could not be more than two or three miles away. She could hardly refrain from singing.

Presently as she slipped along in a dark channel between close growths of willows she ran the prow of her craft upon the brush-work masonry of a beaver dam. She rose and stepped forward to shove off with her paddle. For a moment she stood peering into the darkness, but at the moment could discover no waterway over the dam. She could hear the wash of a side current through willows on her left, but she wanted to avoid the delay of pulling the boat through that growth; so she stepped out on the mud and sticks of the dam to hunt for the best place to lift it across.

As she did so her eyes turned to the open, better-lighted water beyond the willows. What was that? Yes, it was some one on horseback; his animal was standing in shallows. Was it Anderson or Bailey come early to look after beaver traps? Another horseman and then another, crossing the channel, came between her and the first.

With a sickening chill of apprehension the girl stood motionless for a minute or two. The man on the horse made no move; then he started quickly, and in three or four jumps his animal carried him out of sight.

Were they Indians or perhaps white men passing by, and had one halted in the shallows merely to let his horse drink? Had the Sioux at the lake seen her go? Had they guessed her errand, and had they come after her? If so, they had her surrounded. Perhaps they had seen her.

Nancy's next move was a matter of impulse. She stepped back into her boat, shoved the prow off the dam and paddled back upstream for



some rods, then close in under overhanging willows, to one of which she clung with one hand while with the other she lifted the packs of guns one at a time and dropped them into the water. Then she pushed rapidly back to the dam and into the overflow round the end of it. The standing willows there were dry as a result of prairie fires; they scraped the sides of the skiff and crackled noisily, but caused her little delay as she shoved round the end of the dam into the channel.

As she shot out on the open shallows below two Indians ran into the water knee deep in front of her, seized the sides of her boat and dragged it ashore. Then one jerked her out of the skiff, and the other bent over and searched the bottom.

Nancy stood frightened and helpless as five dusky figures quickly gathered round her. She knew now that none of the Sioux had seen her in the creek, but that, guessing that she would come with the guns, they had ridden to the point, low on the outlet, the more certainly to head her off. The horse that she had seen in the channel had been drinking. Too late the girl realized that she could have escaped capture if she had hidden behind the beaver dam.

"As we thought," said one of the Sioux after several had bent forward and peered into her face, "it is the white squaw. She has hidden the guns, and she shall show us where. Go get sticks," he said to the four others. As they turned away he seized the girl roughly by her braid of hair and twisted it round his fingers.

The men sent for the sticks were gone some minutes, and when they came back each carried a bundle of dry willows, which they piled upon the ground. Presently they had a blaze kindled. When the flames had

started the Indians grinned at Nancy in savage humor.

"Want to roast?" one asked in the sign talk. "You take us to those guns or go on the fire."

Nancy knew that the threat was not idle. "The trader told me to do this," she said, speaking in the Iowa dialect. "Did you not trade two guns from me, and do you think I wanted to take all this trouble? I will lead you to the rifles."

"Hoh!" the Sioux grunted in unrestrained satisfaction. None of them seemed astonished that the white girl should speak in the Dakota tongue.

Nancy told them that she had seen men below and had sunk the rifles in the water behind a beaver dam. She added truthfully that she could not tell closely where the guns lay at the bottom of the creek, but that she thought that they could find them.

"We find the guns, or you burn!" was the savage answer.

Ten minutes later the Indians carried the skiff over the dam and launched and anchored it as Nancy directed.

Three were in the boat with her, and two of them stripped off their leggings and began diving. Each went down several times in fruitless search. They shifted the boat and anchored again, and this time as the divers lunged into the current Nancy's guard leaned back to adjust the anchor rope.

In a wild leap the girl went over the edge of the skiff and under the water. She had learned to swim and dive well at Okoboji and loved the exercise. She swam under water until her head struck the bank. Then with her nose barely above the surface she came



up beneath an overhanging fringe of willows and not a great way, as she knew, from where she had dropped the guns. She could see nothing, but, showing only her face above water, she swam and clawed her way upstream. She pushed on against a slow current for two or three minutes, and then the bank fell away, and she was able to crawl out into still water among the undergrowth.

She got to her feet presently and waded softly on until she was sure that she was nearing the edge of the willow patch; then she sat down in water knee deep. All was still round her. At last her alert ears caught the swish of willows and the drip of water, which told of Sioux moving the brush in search of her. When one came too close she sank beneath the surface and held her breath as long as she could. There was nothing now to do except sit quiet and take the chance of an Indian's running against her.

The search seemed interminable. It appeared indeed that the wily Sioux knew about where she would hide. Several times one passed so close that she could hear him breathing.

Finally all sounds of the hunters ceased, and some minutes later she heard hatchet strokes; that told her the Indians were destroying her boat. Was the hunt for her done? If that were the case, the loss of the skiff was a small matter. Chilled from her long submersion, she got to her feet, shivering, and stood waiting.

Finally she ventured to where she could look out on open land dimly lit by stars.

There was no stir of life. She waited for some minutes, then got on her knees and crawled over black bottom land until she was far from the creek. Then she arose and, guided by the stars again, ran at top speed till she was both warm and tired.

It was after daylight when she aroused the trappers from sleep at their cabin. The men listened to her story in growing excitement.

Those Sioux, they told her, had passed their cabin the day before, but they had not known of Canteen's sickness. As quickly as possible they got out to their bunch of riding and pack ponies, which had been yarded overnight.

Nancy was soon astride a saddle, and the trio made their way to Okoboji as fast as the horses, lean from the scanty feed of the winter, could travel. The Sioux had broken camp and were gone, and the riders on alighting in front of the trade house were startled to find the door badly chopped and damaged.

All was safe within, however. They learned that shortly after Nancy had gone Indians had come and attacked the door with their hatchets. With Natapa's help Canteen had dragged himself into an inner doorway and had fired a shot, which had driven the fellows off.

Baily and Anderson with Nancy as guide rode back to the outlet after the sunken rifles.

The beaver dam with the shattered skiff on top they found easily. The trappers, wading up to their necks along the bank and feeling about with their feet, at last came upon the guns, which were undamaged by their brief immersion.

Thenceforth Anderson stayed at the trade house until Canteen was on his feet again.

CURRENT EVENTS HERE AND ABROAD



WHEN Mr. Bonar Law resigned the office of premier of England a few months ago it was understood that his health was failing. Consequently the news of his death was not unexpected. Mr. Law was sixty-five years old, a native of New Brunswick, but for most of his life a citizen of Glasgow.

He was a thorough Scot, the son of a Presbyterian minister; shrewd, cautious, logical, fond of argument, religious and positive. He had no very brilliant qualities, but his intellectual powers were sound and always under command. He had lovable traits too, and few men in British public life have enjoyed in equal measure the respect and the affection both of political friends and of political foes. His services during the war in the Coalition cabinets, first under Mr. Asquith and then under Mr. Lloyd George, were unselfish and extremely valuable. He came to the premiership a broken man, but it is fitting that he should have reached that distinction, if only to lay it down so soon.

GOVERNOR WALTON of Oklahoma has been regularly impeached by the lower house of the state legislature, and his trial before the Senate has already begun. There are twenty-two charges in the articles of impeachment, which were passed by decisive majorities.

THE Berlin government took its courage in its hands in dealing with the Socialist government in Saxony, which has been suspected of intending to foment an internal revolution against the central power at Berlin. It demanded that the Socialist cabinet resign and sent a commissioner to Dresden to take over the administration under the recently-passed legislation that gives the German Chancellor dictatorial powers. The Socialists submitted, but drew up a protest in which they asked for the Federal Council, or Reichsrat, to consider the unhappy internal situation in Germany. Berlin has been more considerate of the feelings of the Bavarians, who have been told to behave better, but who have not had their own government superseded by representatives from Berlin. The movement for an independent Rhineland republic goes

forward somewhat creakingly. Here and there it seems in a healthy state, particularly at Coblenz, which is said to be picked for the capital; but elsewhere the Separatists meet opposition, sometimes armed opposition; and nothing is clearer than that there is no general uprising of the people in favor of independence. It is proposed at Berlin to make the west bank of the Rhine an independent state in the German Reich, free from its former dependence on Prussia. That would please—and satisfy—most of the grumblers.

IT is announced that Mr. Ford is going to build thirty thousand houses at Dearborn, Michigan, most of them of course for the workmen in his many plants. The model city that he plans will cover five thousand acres. He intends to build the houses of lumber from forests that he himself owns and to sell them at cost. He is right in saying that lumber is too high for the poor man to build his own house. So are other materials besides lumber. The workmen of Detroit and Dearborn are fortunate in having an employer who can afford to neglect the matter of profit in putting up these dwelling



houses. There are hundreds of thousands elsewhere who must get along with less comfortable accommodations because building is so expensive. How the cost can be brought down we do not at present see. Mr. Ford is right again in saying that lumber would be less costly if timberlands were more economically cut over and better cleared of the rubbish in which forest fires start. But, once again, lumber is only one item in the cost of building.

A GREAT deal of disturbing testimony has been offered to the committee of the Senate that is investigating the way in which the Veterans' Bureau has been conducted during the last three years. If there is any branch of government activity that ought to have been conscientiously administered it is that. It was the wish of the nation that those soldiers who have been disabled in its service should be cared for generously and thoughtfully. The evidence that the committee has received indicates that the generosity was bestowed upon grafters and politicians rather than upon the disabled veterans, and that money enough was wasted in suspicious and care-

less extravagance to give the wounded men a great deal better care than they have ever had. The private character and the official competence of Colonel Forbes, the former Director of the Bureau, were gravely compromised by some of the testimony, and other witnesses declared that land was bought at exorbitant prices, buildings erected that were not fit to use and sums paid to favored architects and contractors that are unjustifiable. It appears that Senators and Representatives were active in procuring favors for friends or constituents. So far there is no charge that any Congressman profited personally, but much of the sordid graft was possible only because Senators and Representatives used their influence to push some one. The investigation is still proceeding, and evidence on the other side may be offered; but enough has already been established to make Americans blush for the spirit in which their generosity to the disabled soldiers has been administered.

THE railway executives have told President Coolidge that they do not think his plan of reducing freight rates on wheat designed for export is practicable. Their point is that, if they did that, the Canadian and Argentine railways would promptly cut their rates too, so as to retain for their own fellow citizens the advantage that they now have in the world markets in being able to raise wheat cheaper than we can raise it. They think that no one would gain anything by the cut and that the railways would lose. They also argue that, although the Eastern roads, which carry a great variety of freight, could afford to cut the rate on a single commodity, the Western roads, of the business of which wheat is the backbone, could not transport it for less and still pay their way. The President will be disappointed at the failure of his attempt to improve conditions in the wheat market, but the farmers of the West have never believed that a reduction in freight rates, unless it were greater than anyone believes it possibly could be, would greatly relieve their difficulties. These troubles require a more radical treatment.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent in Moscow who has unusual means of learning the real state of affairs reports to the Manchester Guardian that Lenin, who has been completely paralyzed, is regaining the use of his limbs, but very slowly. He can hardly hope ever to assume again the heavy responsibilities of government.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

BUCKSKIN AND DESERT

the serial story that will follow the Edge of Raven Pool will run well into the new year. It deals with the mines and the mountains of the West. It is packed with incident, information, humor. Dal, the hero, is a resourceful youth, and his companion, the Chinese boy Lee, is as likable as he is laughable. If you want to read the whole of this stirring story

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You will do us a great favor if you will let us enter your subscription in December, for in January comes the great flood of new subscriptions, which of course must be entered at once, and which consequently tax to its utmost the whole clerical force. A renewal blank and some unusually interesting offers that we are making this year to those who renew promptly have been mailed to you. The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all our renewing subscribers.

PERRY MASON COMPANY, Publishers

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE



The boll weevil: the insect and its anterior stages. In one year its descendants may number 12,755,100

FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS BETTER TO PRESERVE a kindly silence than to speak an uncharitable truth.

Boast not, but use the Lore of Life and Schools;
The Workman is not paid for Owning Tools.

MASTER YOUR WORK and you will have no need to "work" your master.

SOUTH AFRICA IS RAISING more and more corn, though there they call it maize. In the season, which runs from the first of July to the middle of September, the total amount that was shipped was somewhat more than four million bags, which is more than twice as much as was ever shipped in that period before. Africa as a grain-raising country is growing in importance.

HOLLAND HAS NOW AGREED to admit fresh country pork from the United States. Until eighteen months ago England had never admitted American pork, but last year it bought some twenty million pounds. France still keeps up the bars, but most Europeans are learning that American pork is as wholesome as any other. The foreign demand for American meat comes at a time when production here is at a high pitch.

ANOTHER CONFERENCE PROPOSED

A FEW months ago Secretary Hughes, speaking at New Haven, suggested that another conference be called to determine the amount of reparations that Germany can pay and to set afoot the economic reconstruction of Europe. He added that the United States would be glad to take part in such a conference. The speech aroused interest and discussion, but at that time France was in the midst of its struggle with the "passive resisters" in the Ruhr and in no mood to listen to such a suggestion. Now that France has gained its point in the Ruhr the British government, since its own European policy is bankrupt, has, through the Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon, aligned itself with Mr. Hughes and has set going a real movement toward another conference on reparations.

Such a conference may be held. Our own government is still in favor of it, though on precisely what terms it is to take part, it has not made clear. Great Britain is eager for anything that will restrain France and set Germany on its feet again. In principle at least, Belgium and Italy are ready for a settlement of the tangled financial and economic situation in Europe. France will not stand out against it, though M. Poincaré in expressing his willingness to enter the conference made certain conditions. It must confine itself to reporting what Germany can pay at the present time; it must not take upon itself any of the responsibility or the authority of the Reparations Commission; and it must not discuss the advisability of amending the Treaty of Versailles or the reduction of the penalties assessed against Germany.

A conference of financial experts, working even under the limitations thus laid down, might gather some useful information about what Germany could pay if its finances were administered by an allied commission. That question is all that interests France. But the British government would not be satisfied with that result, and probably our own government would not be. The British statesmen have made up their minds that German penalties will have to be scaled down, but whenever they have tried to bring that about M. Poincaré has checkmated them. He is likely to do it again. He does not want a restored and strengthened Germany, called upon to pay for only a small part of the destruction its armies wrought in France. He wants either payment in full or the security that France may find in a weak and divided Germany; and, as we have pointed out, he has the power to press his own policy to the end—unless Great Britain chooses to fight about it, which is not at all likely.

So the conference may be held and may lead to some illuminating reports on the real economic condition of Germany; but we can hardly believe that it will settle the reparations question, with all the other questions that hang upon it, particularly the matter of the allied debts to the United States. There is still too much divergence between the aims and needs of France and those of Great Britain to afford much hope of that.

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL DREAM

A FEW years ago a commission appointed by the national government reported that it was entirely feasible to utilize the immense amount of water power still unused in the northeastern part of the country and to create power from coal burned at the pit mouth and transmit both kinds over electric wires to every part of the great industrial area that lies between Maine and Maryland east of the Allegheny Mountains. The commission believed that the cost of producing power in those ways would be exceedingly small compared with the cost of producing it by the methods now employed.

The report was widely discussed, and it was generally agreed that it was technically sound. The difficulty seemed to lie in getting the capital that would be required to put through so vast a project and in inducing the states to cooperate in a plan that in many instances would mean exporting power from states that have it to other states where it is more needed, instead of keeping it at home to build up future local industries.

But, though the difficulties appeared to be so great as to be discouraging, the idea has never been abandoned. Engineers, who understand how practicable and how economical such a "superpower" system would be, are constantly returning to it. Secretary Hoover has advocated it at every opportunity; recently he addressed the chairmen of the Public Service Commissions of the eleven states that are most interested and appealed to them to use their influence to get their state legislatures to consider the matter seriously and to take the first steps toward establishing such a power system.

Mr. Hoover told the commissioners that the system could be set going at an expense of about \$1,250,000,000,—about what we spent every thirty days during the war,—and that it would save fifty million tons of coal every year and something like \$500,000,000 in money.

Those are tremendous figures, and of course are merely estimates, but it is clear enough that the saving would be large. Some nineteen thousand miles of railway would be electrified, the roads would be relieved from carrying and burning the millions of tons of coal that their engines now consume, as well as the other millions of tons that they must now transport to factories run by steam power. Cars and terminal facilities now needed for the coal business would be available for other freight. The waste and extravagance inseparable from producing power in the individual factory would be avoided; a cheap, constant and easily-controlled supply of power would be at hand in virtually every part of the great territory in question. There are no technical difficulties about transmitting electric power; the engineers have solved that problem.

No one can read Secretary Hoover's speech without realizing that both from an

industrial and from a financial point of view the "superpower" system is practical and highly desirable. It is held back by political inertia and suspicion, and its establishment would be complicated by disputes over the distribution of the power among the different states; but there are so many advantages about it that we believe a great many of our readers will live to see it and to make use of it.

REGULARITY

SOME persons are apparently born regular, in tastes, in instincts, in habits. They like to do the same thing in the same place at the same hour. The novel, the exceptional, the unusual disconcert them, annoy them. The sun is regular: why should not we be? Others are born so distinctly the opposite! Regularity in its nature is an offense to them. To live is to do things on the impulse of the moment, and even pleasure loses its pleasantness if it comes in a regular order and in a regular way. Can these latter persons learn regularity or be taught it? Sometimes it seems utterly impossible. Yet, by patience, by slow degrees, something of the virtue of regularity can perhaps be infused into even the most wayward.

And it seems likely that on the whole regular people do the bulk of the work of life and do it better. No doubt genius has its swift and sudden inspirations, which violate all rule and order and somehow accomplish what rule and order cannot. But in the main it is plodding that does it: getting up early at the same hour, going to the office, doing the daily old habitual work in the old habitual way—that is what maintains and carries forward the world.

Yet regularity has at least two serious dangers. It is prone to tyrannize. That is, you not only follow a rational system, a system that is really adapted to bringing out your work in the best way, but, if you are not careful, you let system get the better of you and insist upon an iron regularity in little things that are of no importance yet tire and irritate you and squander your nervous energy with no result whatever.

And closely related to that danger is the danger of letting your regularity become a nuisance to others. You not only wish to be orderly yourself, you wish to impose order upon others. Without knowing it you even wish to impose upon them your order, which may be entirely different from an excellent order of their own. When you reach that point you become a burden and a nuisance, and your family will be glad when you are out of the house and not so sorry as they should be when you are out of the world.

The best regularity is that which knows itself, is flexible, adaptable, and can at any moment disregard habits and traditions for the sake of sweeping boldly into larger regions of adventure and achievement.

FIGHTING THE BOLL WEEVIL

SOME one in the South has erected, or proposed to erect, a monument to the Mexican cotton boll weevil, in recognition of its services in forcing the cotton country to recognize the wisdom of diversifying crops. But, although the weevil may have performed that useful service, it was only as a by-product of its own relentless habit of destruction, and it will be of no service to the South if it completely destroys the cotton industry, as it would destroy it if let alone.

Last spring thirty-eight million acres were seeded to cotton. It was hoped that even under the onslaught of the boll weevil that acreage would produce twelve or thirteen million bales. It really produced only a little more than ten million. That is less than we used to raise fifteen years ago, and, since the ravages of the weevil compel the planters to use a quick-growing seed that does not produce the valuable long staple cotton, the quality as well as the quantity of the crop has declined. The sea-island crop, the finest and longest-fibred cotton that we can raise in this country, has been almost destroyed. We used to supply two thirds of all the cotton used in the world. Now our manufacturers find it necessary to import more and more foreign cotton in order to get the quality that they need for the finer goods.

The situation does not greatly improve, for the efforts of the government to control the weevil through the use of parasites, though they have perhaps checked its spread, have not gone far toward exterminating it.

A recent convention of cotton growers, cotton dealers and cotton spinners, held in New Orleans, showed how clearly all the people who are interested in cotton as a commodity now understand the danger. The condition is one that communities cannot deal with; not even states are wholly competent to meet it. So large a region is infested that it is not probable that anything will avail except a systematic campaign undertaken under the direction of the government at Washington. That is what the New Orleans convention recommended, and that is what must come.

The Southern States can raise corn and tobacco and hogs and all sorts of fruits and vegetables with profit, but it would be a blow not only to the prosperity of the South but to the commerce of the whole world if the great staple, cotton, should disappear from the fields where it has been so long and so successfully grown. Just how the devastating little intruder from Mexico can be routed we do not know, but we believe that the emergency will stimulate American ingenuity until it finds a way.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IMMIGRATION

ON the thirtieth day of next June the law governing immigration into the United States will expire by limitation. What shall Congress do? It is time for Congressmen to be considering the question and for the nation to be informing itself upon it, so that it can help Congress to a conclusion that an intelligent public sentiment will approve.

The immigration law has been in effect nearly three years. It provides that immigrants from each foreign nation may be admitted in any year to the maximum of three per cent of the number of residents of that nationality that were here when the census of 1910 was taken. The law has of course greatly decreased immigration. In 1922 only 309,550 aliens entered the country, instead of the million or more that usually arrived in the years before the war. It is also believed to have improved the quality of immigration; that is to say, it has decreased the proportion of illiterate peoples from the south and east of Europe, who by reason of their customs and traditions are less easily assimilated into a democracy like ours and has increased the proportion of educated and thrifty immigrants from those countries that long ago supplied the stocks from which the American people have sprung.

The law has been generally approved, though there are unfortunate details in the administration of it that should be corrected. The only persons who are openly opposed to it are the steamship owners, certain manufacturers who use a great quantity of rough, unskilled labor, which they find harder to get now than formerly, and a few recent immigrants who would like to be able to get more of their friends and former neighbors into the country. The law has unquestionably had an effect in keeping wages high, and so, no doubt, has added something to the cost of living; but most people think that cheap labor can be had at too great a price, that we are really in some danger already of seeing the principles and ideals on which our fathers founded this country submerged beneath a flood of immigration, and that the removal of all restrictions would make that danger acute. There is an American type, an American government, a body of American ideals. We believe that they should be preserved, and we begin to see that they cannot survive if too many persons are admitted who care nothing for them.

How sudden and torrential the flood of immigration would be if the dam were removed is shown by the immigration from Italy. At present only 42,000 Italians can be admitted, but already 600,000 have taken the trouble to qualify under local Italian regulations. Probably there are twenty millions in Europe who, if they were permitted, would come as soon as they could raise the passage money and as fast as the steamers could bring them. No doubt they would give us cheap labor and cheaper commodity prices, but what would they do to the America that we want to preserve?

Congress should pass another restrictive bill, but it should avoid the injustices and annoyances of the present "monthly quota." It might also be a good plan, as some one has suggested, to base the new quotas on the number of foreigners enumerated in the Census of 1890 instead of the number enumerated in that of 1910.



Put This Proposition Up To Dad

Maybe you have a car in your family—the one that your dad drives to work, or drives when the family goes out evenings, Sundays and holidays.

But when he is using the car in his business how does your mother get around to do her shopping, make her calls and do the thousand and one errands a mother has to do?

Why couldn't you and your dad get your heads together and have a new Ford Four-door Sedan in the garage or in front of the house as her Christmas gift?

Nothing would please her more. She would take a lot

of pride in having a Ford Sedan—or maybe a Coupe—all her own. She would admire its beauty—its coziness, its tasteful upholstery and trimmings.

She could drive it with the greatest ease. The Ford is the easiest of all cars to drive—and here is where you come in—you could easily learn to drive it yourself, if you haven't already learned to drive. At any rate, you could have many a happy ride in it.

Better suggest it this evening. Dad will thank you for the idea.

Ford
CLOSED CARS



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



SUSIE I-DON'T-CARE

By Clinton Scollard

*Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care
Drives her mother to despair;
Always in a pout or pet,
Ever in a fume or fret;
Crumpled frock and tangled hair,
Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care!*

*Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care
Always tries to shirk her share
If there's any task to do
After playtime hours are through;
Goes and hides beneath the stair,
Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care!*

*Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care,
Angry stamp and saucy stare;
Tell me who would wish to be
Such a little girl as she?
There is no one anywhere,
Sulky Susie I-Don't-Care!*

BETTY LYNDEN'S FIRST THANKSGIVING

By Winifred L. Bryning

BETTY LYNDEN, who was an only child, had come to Duxbury near Plymouth to visit some distant cousins, Master John Alden and his wife, Priscilla. When she arrived and found that the Alden children were much younger than herself she was much disappointed. She wanted a playmate of her own age.

Every year after the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown they had held a celebration at harvest time that they called Thanksgiving Day. Betty had never seen a Thanksgiving feast, for her people had come to the colonies only that spring.

"I am sure thou wilt enjoy Thanksgiving, Betsinda," said "Aunt Priscilla" as she looked up from her spinning. "I wish thou couldst have seen the first one we held in Plymouth. Many Indians there were who came a long distance to attend the feast. They brought with them fat young turkeys, and it was indeed a great time."

"Oh, I hope Thanksgiving will come soon—very soon!" cried Betty.

"The Governor hath set the day for Thursday week," said Master Alden, who had just entered the room.

Betty looked up shyly. She thought there was no one in the world quite so wonderful as kind Master Alden, unless it was perhaps his wife, Priscilla, who had sleek brown hair that peeped from under her neat white cap and soft dark eyes that twinkled when they rested on Betty's eager little face. She was very lovely.

Betty began to hop up and down excitedly. "Oh, Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving Day!" she chanted. "What fun I shall have!"

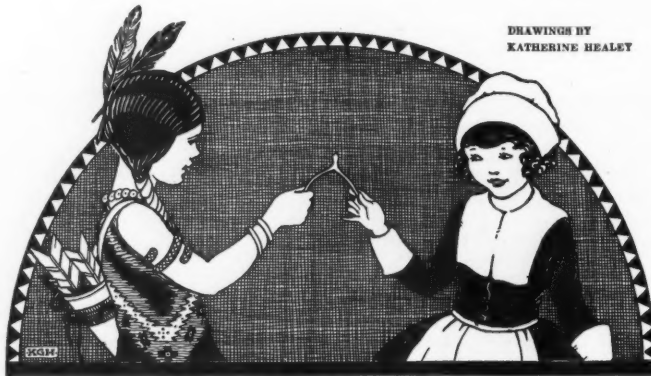
"Betsinda!" said Master Alden in a reproving tone. "Dost thou forget, child, that Thanksgiving is a holy day? On that day we pray and give thanks for all the blessings we have received. We must all attend church, as befits our worthy Puritan training."

"But we can be merry too!" said Betty, skipping about.

During the next few days she thought of nothing but the feast day ahead of them. But one morning something happened that gave her a new interest. She had chanced to pass the smithy where Job Brattle, the blacksmith, was shoeing horses. Master Brattle and his wife were good, kind neighbors, who had no children of their own, and who therefore loved all children.

"Good day to you, Master Brattle," said Betty, curtsying.

The smith looked up from the glowing forge where he was heating a shoe.



Charity gripped the slippery end of the wishbone

"Ah, little Betsinda," he said with a smile. "Good day to ye, good day to ye! Run up to the house now, for Mistress Brattle hath baked a corn cake, and she will be keeping a piece for ye. Also, keep a sharp eye out, for there's a surprise awaits ye there."

Betty wondered what the surprise could be. She skipped up the path to Mistress Brattle's little cabin and tapped on the door. The woman welcomed her gladly and gave her the piece of cake. As Betty munched it her eyes roved all over the room, but she saw nothing amiss.

"Where's the surprise Master Brattle spoke of?" she asked.

"Ye have not met my little girl, Charity, have ye?" asked the good woman.

"Charity!" exclaimed Betty. "Nay, Mistress Brattle, has God sent you a little girl all your own?"

"Nay," Mistress Brattle replied. "It was after this fashion: My brother, Seth Allerton, was trading down below the Cape, some thirty miles, and he came upon a small village of Wampanoag Indians. It seems they were nigh to starvation, for forest fires had burnt their corn crops. Seth gave them all the meal and bread he could spare, which was enough to keep them through the winter, and as a reward the chieftain gave him his youngest daughter. Now Seth, being a traveling trader, could not keep her, and so he gave her to us."

"Oh, a little Indian girl!" said Betty, much interested.

"Yes, but a Christian, who hath been converted by a pastor of our faith. She speaks a little English too. Her Indian name means Daughter-of-the-Woods, but she was rechristened Charity. She is a good, helpful girl about your age, Betsinda, but she is sorely in need of proper training."

Just then Charity entered the room carrying a full pail of milk.

Betty ran up to her and gripped her tawny brown hand. "Thou and I will be playmates," she said.

"Ye can go out into the cornfield," said kind Mistress Brattle, and the children, hand in hand, ran out to play.

"I have always wanted a playmate," said Betty, "and now you've come!"

Charity seemed to be trying to form English words that were difficult to her Indian tongue.

"Paleface kind to Indian girl," she said at last, "but no let me wear clothes Indian girl like," she added mournfully.

"Oh, have you an Indian dress? I should like to see it," Betty declared.

"Yes. Fine dress, bracelets for both arms, two eagle feathers Indian brother give me. And arrows—"

"Arrows?" asked Betty making a little face. "But what would you do with arrows, Charity?"

"Me shoot," the Indian girl replied.

"I didn't know that Indian girls could

shoot," said Betty, "I thought only boys did that."

"Daughter-of-the-Woods child of chieftain and sister of chieftain," said Charity proudly. "Brother teach me shoot. But Mistress Brattle no let shoot. She say girls must sit—hands in lap—eyes up so!"

Charity flopped down on a large boulder and posed like a pious Puritan maiden, with her hands meekly folded in her lap and her eyes rolled up with such a funny expression that Betty giggled in spite of herself. Both girls began to laugh so heartily that Mrs. Brattle looked out of the cabin and called.

"Hoity-toity! Children, children! Such loud mirth is unseemly!"

At that the children were convulsed with laughter.

"Oh, I must see your Indian dress and feathers," said Betty eagerly. "Please show them to me, Charity."

Charity put her finger on her lip and led the way to a large, hollow oak nearby. Betty was about to take a peep inside to see the Indian girl's treasures when Mrs. Brattle called to Charity to come and help get the luncheon. Then Betty remembered that it was meal time and hastened back to the Aldens.

Betty asked Mistress Alden whether she could have "Charity Brattle" over on Thanksgiving Day. The Aldens were to have a large gathering, and they kindly gave their permission to Betty to ask the Indian girl. Mrs. Brattle was reluctant to let her go, but she said that Charity could help her get the dinner at home and then run over in time for dinner at the Aldens.

Thanksgiving Day arrived, and the Puritans, attired in their best, attended service, though some of them had to remain at home to cook the dinners.

When Betsinda saw the tables laden with fruit, pumpkins, squashes and golden-corn she was delighted. It certainly looked like a feast, and when the roasted turkeys were brought in she gasped with delight. She had never tasted turkey in England.

All through the first part of the meal Betty looked eagerly for a glimpse of Charity at the door, but there was no sign of her.

"Mayhap Mistress Brattle could not get along without her today," said Master Alden.

"Oh, I hope she will get here in time," sighed Betty, who was beginning to feel deeply disappointed.

"We shall save some good white meat for her," said Mistress Alden, "and she can have all the cranberries, fruit and nuts that she wants."

Betty was trimming a wishbone with her sharp little teeth.

"Be careful not to break the bone, Betsinda," said Master Alden. "It must be pulled afterwards, by two of equally matched strength. But first thou must make a wish. Whosoever gets the joint end of the wish-

COBWEBS

By Miriam Clark Potter

*There are cobwebs in our house
I must sweep away.
In the corners I have found
Dusty sails of gray,*

*Blurry veils across the doors,
Mists to cloud the light;
There are spiders in our house,
Working fast at night.*

*To the garden with your webs!
Work upon the lawn.
There your trembling nets shall catch
All the dew of dawn;*

*There your little homes shall be
Palaces of silk
Caught between a leaf of gold
And a rose of milk;*

*Dusty, musty, in the house,
In the air they seem
Wedding veils for winds to wear,
Lovely as a dream.*

bone gaineth his wish, and whosoever gets the lesser part loseth."

"Oh, I wish Charity would hurry up," cried Betty.

"That's a wish gone to waste," said Mistress Alden. "Thou must wish in silence, or thy wish will not be fulfilled."

Just then the door opened and in darted a little figure in Indian dress. It was Charity. She seemed slightly taken aback when she saw the large gathering of people, but when Betty advanced to greet her, wishbone in hand, she smiled and seemed to take courage.

The Indian girl was dressed in her own deerskin dress, with strings of wampum and two bright bracelets. In her hair were the two eagle feathers that her brother had given her, and across her back was slung the quiver of arrows.

"Oh, what a pretty dress, Charity!" cried Betty. "Take hold of the wishbone and wish with me."

Charity gripped the slippery end of the wishbone in her strong fingers and pulled hard. The bone snapped—and Charity held the head of the wishbone, while Betty held the broken end.

"Oh, what did you wish?" asked Betty.

Charity looked shy, but she whispered in Betty's ear, "Betsinda to be sister of Indian girl."

"Oh, I wished almost the same thing!" Betty exclaimed. "I wished Charity to be my big sister." And the two girls hugged each other happily.

CURLYLOCKS'S NEW MOTHER

By Edna Payson Brett

ALICE MARIE came scurrying up with her father and Curlylocks just as the merry-go-round was about to start.

Curlylocks was not another little girl like Alice Marie, but a dear, cuddly doll in a pink ruffy muslin party frock. She had beautiful long yellow curls and was the very newest member of Alice Marie's play-room family.

"Hold on tight with both hands," Alice Marie's father cautioned her. Alice Marie obeyed as soon as she had set Curlylocks away back in a corner of the red plush seat so that she shouldn't fall out. Then the wonderful whirly ride began. It was all over much too soon, and father came to take Alice Marie off again; but only to rush her away for another ride that he was to share.

A Child's Grace By Pringle Barret

O God, we thank Thee for this
food
And for the gift of all things good.

Help us to serve Thee through each
day
In every kind and noble way.

We ask thy blessing and thy
grace
To keep us safe in every place.

And may we love our fellow-
men
As Jesus loves us all. Amen.



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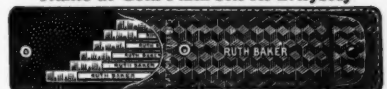
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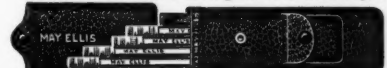


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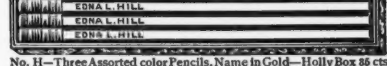
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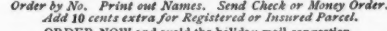
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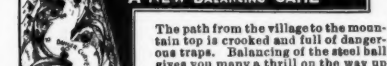


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CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

This time it was to be on the Blue Streak. Everything was so hurrying and flurrying that the little mother never once thought about her dear Curlylocks until the boat had started. Then she suddenly remembered.

"O father," she gasped, clutching at his sleeve, "please tell them to stop the boat quick. I have to go back for Curlylocks; she's left behind on the chariot seat."

The least bit of a smile twinkled in father's eyes. "Why, bless your heart," he said, "whatever would you do dumped off here in the bay? And we could hardly ask the Blue Streak to turn back to shore just to take on a little doll passenger who doesn't pay any fare." But he comforted Alice Marie with the promise that as soon as they landed on their return trip they would make a bee line for the merry-go-round and Curlylocks.

So it was that forty minutes later Alice Marie and her father were searching all the corners of the red plush chariot seats. But never a wee curly head and a pink ruffy frock could they find.

"Sorry, miss," said the merry-go-round man, "but a lot of those fresh-air children came on right after you, and I guess one of them must have walked off with your doll. There they are now down on the sand, and maybe—"

But Alice Marie's watchful eye had caught sight of a familiar bit of color, and she was already bounding down to the beach.

A thin little girl of about Alice Marie's age was standing by herself, intent on something in her arms. She looked up brightly as Alice Marie came to a quick stop in front of her. Then she held up before Alice Marie's delighted eyes—yes, there was no mistaking—the dear, precious, left-behind Curlylocks. "Oh, you darling!" Alice Marie stretched out eager hands.

"Isn't she lovely, all dressed up for a party? I found her in the merry-go-round. But you can hold her a minute," said the generous little stranger, talking fast. "My name's Josie and—"

Josie didn't finish, for Alice Marie cut her short—a very red Alice Marie with eyes blazing fire. "Why, that's—that's—" she stammered, but could get no further. The very idea of a perfectly strange little girl's telling her that she could hold her own Curlylocks for a minute!

"Why, she's—she's—" began Alice Marie again. But the words that she started to say stuck fast to her tongue. She gulped hard, and these words instead came in a gasping, choking voice: "You—you're a little fresh-air girl, aren't you?"

"Yes," nodded Josie. Now Alice Marie had sold lemonade and ice-cream cones in her front yard only a few weeks ago to help get money for the fresh-air children, so that they could have a good time. And Alice Marie knew perfectly well that, if she should take back Curlylocks, the day would be quite spoiled for poor Josie. She would be more miserable than she would be if she hadn't had any fresh-air outing at all. And then a wonderful thing happened. In one little minute it was all settled in Alice Marie's mind that Curlylocks was to adopt a new mother and go to live at Josie's house forever and always.

"I haven't any name for her yet," said Josie with a little frown. "What do you think would be the very prettiest name?"

"Call her Curlylocks," stammered Alice Marie.

"Why that's just like what's in my library book," cried Josie beaming. "Goody! 'Curlylocks, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?'"

Alice Marie turned away her head. She couldn't say anything for the sob in her throat. Without daring to look, she threw a good-bye kiss to her darling and fled. Josie cuddled Curlylocks still closer and stared after Alice Marie with puzzled eyes.

But by the time that Alice Marie had talked it all over with her father a glad feeling for Josie was fast getting the better of the sorry feeling for herself. And pretty soon it was on top.

"You see," she said, "I have Florabel and Peter and Pollykin and Baby Bunting left, besides Raggedy Jane, and Josie didn't have any doll at all till she found Curlylocks and—and it seems as if she really belonged to Josie somehow."

"Well, I think she does," agreed her father. Then taking Alice Marie by the hand, he merrily whisked her off to the pavilion to end their programme with a plate of ice cream.

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WHO KNOWS?

By Abbie Farwell Brown

Who knows what I was meant to be?
Not I!
No glorious fate may beckon to me,
But I'm to try,
Whether the hope be great or small,
Though there may be no prize at all.
Only the best I have to give
Will pay for the wonderful chance to live
Only the best I find to take
Will arm my courage for life's sake.
"On!" is the cry.

Who knows what waits beyond the hill?
Not I!
I have to climb and never stand still,
Whatever the sky.
Some spent pilgrim may need my arm;
Perhaps I can save a soul from harm
(Or build a city or right a wrong
Or cheer the world with a merry song.
"On!" is the cry.

GET UNDERSTANDING

THE distraught family came riding into the little mountain town on two mules. The father was on one mule, with one small girl sitting in front of him and another behind. On the other mule was the mother with a babe in her arms and a boy of ten behind her. They had come twenty miles from their home in the heart of the Cumberlands. All had been weeping.

They drew up in front of the doctor's office, and the woman tried in vain to tell the terrible thing that had befallen them.

"It's the boy," said the father. And then with a voice that broke often he told of a rabid dog that had bitten his son. The boy had been in the road with his younger sister, and the dog had bitten him twice. The creature was killed a mile farther down the river, but meanwhile a cow and several other animals that it had bitten before it had attacked the boy had shown unmistakable symptoms of rabies.

"An' they say there hain't no cure!" lamented the woman.

But even while they talked the doctor had been dictating a dispatch over the telephone to the nearest telegraph office. Now he caught the woman by the shoulder and above her hysterical lamentations shouted to her, "There is a cure, a preventive!"

The wild glint left her set eyes, and she broke into a fervent, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord!"

Two days later: tubes containing the Pasteur treatment arrived, and the doctor began graduated injections at once. The dead dog's brain when examined under the microscope disclosed a true hydrophobic condition, but, though the animals that the dog had bitten died, the boy was saved, and the possible danger period has long since passed.

"With all thy getting get understanding" is the Scripture that has governed my life," said the doctor. "When I was a boy an ill-trained physician caused me much suffering because he did not understand. I still limp as a result of his mistake. I made a covenant with the Almighty that, if He would see me through medical college, I would come back among my own mountain people and give them the best I could of surgical and medical skill. Several years ago I made a long trip to get the clinical facts and learn the technique of the Pasteur treatment for rabies. This is the first time I have needed that knowledge. Yes, get understanding, know your trade well, then devote your wisdom to your fellows."

PEGGY'S FORTUNE

"YOU can't persuade me that there is any justice in life! If there were, Peggy Moulton never would have lost her money. Why, Jess, did you ever know anyone who used everything she had the way Peggy did—her money, her home, her car? Think of those Sunday suppers of hers—the loveliest table I ever saw and always guests, every lonely or discouraged person she could lay hands upon. And then God—the God you believe in—took everything away from her and let thousands of men and women who never lift a finger for anybody else go on piling up money."

"In the first place," Jess answered quietly, "God didn't take away Peggy's money; dishonest men did that."

"But He let them; it's just the same."

"It isn't the same, and you know it isn't, Olive. If you allow freedom of will anywhere, you've got to allow it everywhere. The God I believe in was infinitely more hurt by that dishonesty than you or I can conceive. And, Olive, did you ever take a meal at Peggy's when Peggy wasn't there?"

"Yes, once."

"Was it the same?"

"Of course not. But Peggy was using her money so generously and helpfully."

"Granted. But come to Peggy's next Sunday; then you'll see just how much her money had to do with it."

"But what will Peggy say? She hasn't asked me."

"What did Peggy always say when friends dropped in? There's only one difference. Now everybody brings something. Is it a go?"

"I suppose so," Olive agreed.

Sunday evening she knocked at the door of Peggy's apartment. The door opened, and for one bewildered moment she felt that Peggy's poverty was all a dream. The room was full of people, and in the center was a little table with flowers and candles, and there was Peggy herself drawing her in with her old eager welcome.

But presently Olive saw other things. The flowers were only daisies from the market. There was no room to sit round the table; people sat on the couch and on the floor. Next to her was a thin art student, who began to talk to her presently.

"Sometimes I think I'd give up," she said. "If it weren't for Peggy's Sunday suppers. I get so discouraged. And Sunday—oh, you don't know how lonesome Sunday can be! It isn't just the home-like air that Peggy creates—it's the talks we have in the candlelight. She's making me believe in things I'd almost lost faith in. I've brought lots of girls. You see, we used to think you couldn't have anything without money. She's made us feel that it isn't money; it's you! Do you understand?"

"Yes," Olive replied humbly, "I understand."

HIS TRADE OR HIS HOBBY?

THE commanding officer at one of the posts where marines were recently stationed had occasion one afternoon, writes a contributor, to send in haste for a carpenter to repair an ice box in the company quarters. The sergeant major of the barracks came to the commanding officer and said that the only carpenter in the outfit had gone out on liberty. Since the repairs were urgent, the commanding officer directed the sergeant major to look over the enlistment records of the men and see if any of the marines then in garrison had had experience in carpentering. As a result a young man on whose record had been written, "Occupation prior to enlistment, carpenter," reported and went to work.

Under his ministrations the ice box was almost completely ruined; and the commanding officer directed that the bungler be brought up for "office hours."

"You stated on your enlistment record," said the officer when the young marine stood before him with shaking knees, "that your prior occupation before your enlistment was that of carpenter. What have you to say?"

"Yes, sir. I was employed in a factory where they made articles from wood. I have worked around wood from the time I first began striking out for myself."

"Worked around wood!" exclaimed the officer contemptuously. "The only wooden thing you have worked around is your head. What did you mean by stating you were a carpenter?"

"Well, sir, the recruiting sergeant said he had to put down something, and when I told him what I used to do in the factory he wrote down 'carpenter.'"

The commanding officer looked severely at the trembling soldier, and his question snapped out sharply: "Is that so? Well, suppose you tell me what you did."

"You see, sir," replied the marine, moistening his lips, "they made hobbyhorses in the factory where I worked, and I used to bore all the holes for the tails."

BREAKING AND ENTERING

CHARLES READE, the novelist, had once for a housemate Sir Robert Anderson, long assistant police commissioner of London and director of many of the activities of Scotland Yard in detecting and hunting down the criminals of the great city. Sir Robert enjoyed an excellent reputation personally; yet he has admitted that he once came justly under the suspicion of his own police. One night on reaching home well past midnight he found that he had forgotten his latchkey; so he determined to enter burglariously.

"My experience of criminal courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the business," he relates, "and it was with a light heart that I dropped into the area and attacked the kitchen window. Of course I had no fear of the police. Neither had I any cause to dread a pistol shot in entering the house."

"But the kitchen window refused to yield, and such was the effect of spending twenty minutes in that area that the sound of a constable's tread in the garden made me retreat to the coal cellar. I felt then that my case was desperate. As there were no steps to the area, escape was impossible; and a new bolt on the window baffled me. There was no other course; I was driven to break the glass. It is extraordinary what a noise it makes to smash a pane of glass when you do it deliberately!"

"To my horror it was so great that passers-by were attracted by the sound. Luckily for me, they had no bull's-eye lantern to flash into the area, and as I had again taken refuge in the coal cellar they could see nothing to account for the noise. As soon as they were gone it was the work of a moment for me to shoot the bolt, open the window and scramble into the house."

The amusing sequel was that the next morning—Sir Robert having said nothing of his escapade—Charles Reade, greatly excited over the broken glass and the finger marks, which proved a felonious entry, sent for the police to investigate the matter. They found it a most mysterious case, especially as an investi-

gation showed that few things had been disturbed and that nothing had been stolen. The criminal was never caught, and the case passed into the statistics of the office as an "undetected burglary." If the investigators had only compared the thumb prints of their respected chief with those left about the broken window!

Not long ago an American writer of thrilling tales had a somewhat similar experience—except that when he found himself before his suburban home late at night and keyless he did not try to rouse the household; he was quite sure it was unnecessary, since his own chamber opened directly upon the roof of the veranda.

There were trellises and vines; he was agile and not overweight, though he was approaching middle age, and he thought he could climb up. He climbed—not so easily as he had expected, but still he climbed—halfway, and then there was a crash! He found himself wreathed picturesquely in trailing greenery, clutching a piece of splintered trellis, sitting in the middle of a flower bed, which fortunately was soft, and staring in dazed dismay at the electric lights flashing on all over the house and at the rumpled heads thrust out of the upper windows. It was a much humiliated novelist that was presently admitted by a laughing wife, who bade him in future to refrain from emulating the exploits of his own heroes.

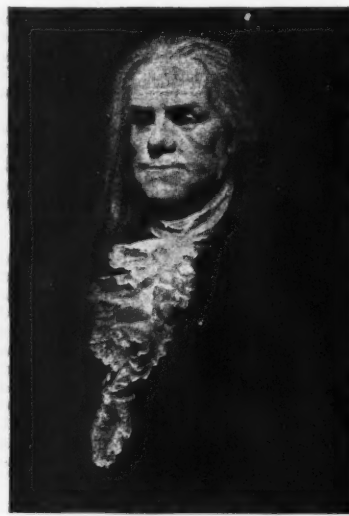
He promised. "But it sounds so easy," he said sheepishly, "to 'mount the slender trellis with the agility of a cat'—they can always do that even when they don't 'ascend hand over hand by the knotted stems of the ancient ivy.' No hero stuff for me after this—except on paper."

PORTRAITS IN WAX

OF all the arts modeling in wax is perhaps the earliest. The Egyptians practiced it five or six thousand years ago. So did the Greeks and Romans in after years.

The later revival of the art dates from the end of the seventeenth century. It is no longer counted as one of the greater arts, and few artists of high reputation have taken it seriously, yet for the purpose of realistic portraiture it has remarkable possibilities. Some of the modern wax figures in the windows of the hairdresser or the dry-goods merchant are extraordinarily life-like; and there is Madame Tussaud's, the famous museum of waxen art, in London.

Tussaud's traces its lineage back to Dr. Curtius, a Swiss physician who in 1758 began



An impressive wax portrait of Benjamin Franklin by Madame Tussaud

by making anatomical models in wax and who then, as his skill grew, took up the making of portrait busts in the same material. Patronized by the Prince de Conti, he came to Paris, whither in 1766 he brought his niece, who was to be the "original" Madame Tussaud. She was a worker in wax like her uncle, and together they opened a museum filled with portrait busts and figures of all the celebrated personages of the time. Among them was one of Benjamin Franklin, which still exists and is exhibited daily in London. A picture of that bust is printed herewith.

During the Reign of Terror, Madame Tussaud made likenesses of royalties and revolutionaries alike. The portraits of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre she modeled after their execution from the severed heads of the queen and the Jacobin. But Madame Tussaud did not like the dangerous and uneasy atmosphere of Paris and in 1802 moved herself with her collection to London.

Since then the museum has been one of the sights of the British metropolis, and it has come to contain figures of most of the famous or notorious people of the day in whom the public is likely to be even momentarily interested. A Mr. Tussaud, the great-grandson of the

founder of the museum, is today its proprietor and modeler in chief.

WHAT THE SEA BOTTOM IS LIKE

WHEN the ordinary person thinks of the bottom of the sea, said Dr. C. H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, to a writer in the American Magazine, he imagines it covered with the wonderful plant life he has seen, either in reality or in pictures, covering the bed of the ocean near Jamaica or Bermuda or the southern California coast. But such wonderful sea flora is to be found only where the water is relatively shallow. It cannot exist without light.

More than half of the hundred and forty million square miles of water on the globe is more than two thousand fathoms deep, or rather more than two miles. At that depth there is utter darkness; the visible rays of the sun do not penetrate deeper than a few hundred fathoms at the most. Consequently the greatest part of the bed of the ocean does not have any plant life whatever except microscopic diatoms.

But even at the greatest depths there is animal life, and in some places it is abundant. The abundance of life at the bottom of the sea is often in proportion to the abundance of life at the surface. In those parts of the ocean where there is almost no life in the upper waters there is little or none at the bottom. On the other hand, we once drew up sponges, which are a form of animal life, from a depth of 4,173 fathoms, or some four and three-quarters miles. That haul was made near the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific, where surface life was fairly abundant. The explanation is that deep-sea creatures depend on the creatures at the surface for food. It is true that some deep-sea animals prey on others. But the others in turn must be fed. Virtually everything goes to the bottom; there is a constant "rain" of dead organisms from the upper strata of the sea to its bed. Those organisms form the primary food supply for the animal life below.

Immense areas of the bed of the ocean are covered with deposits formed by the remains of organisms from the surface. Such deposits are called oozes and are classified according to the kind of organism that predominates. There are diatom ooze, pteropod ooze, globigerina ooze and so on.

Other immense areas of the ocean have beds of red clay. There is no ooze covering it, because in those parts there is virtually no life at the surface. The red-clay areas are far from any shore and so receive none of the sediment washed from the land. They might well be called the deserts of the sea, for they have no plant life and almost no animal life.

That red clay is perhaps the oldest deposit at the bottom of the ocean. It must have formed very slowly and partly from volcanic matter such as pumice and volcanic glass; the fragments were slowly worn to pieces, and the various substances finally decomposed and formed clays. The red color is owing to oxides of iron and of manganese in the volcanic rocks.

"HEAP MEDICINE!"

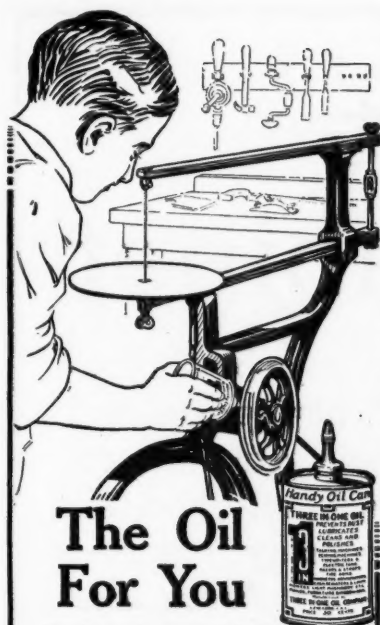
TO my dismay, writes the Rev. W. S. Rainford in the part of his autobiography dealing with the Cree Indians, I found that the chief, who had offered us hospitality, had set his heart on having my double-barrel rifle. One morning he came round with a fine pony; the next day he came with two. Things began to look serious. Of course we were completely in his power, and he could take the rifle by force if he cared to do it. At last a way out occurred to me.

The rifle threw a heavy ball and took a large charge of powder. It had also a set trigger—that is, by pulling back a small bolt in the lock, you could discharge the piece merely by touching the trigger. One day I had set the hair trigger, and, as I had loaded rather heavily, the shock of the right barrel's going off had set the left off at the same time, and I had got a kick that wrenched my shoulder. So the next morning when my visitor came as usual I met him halfway. We had been well treated; he should have my rifle for two ponies if he liked it. I feared, however, that he would not like it, for it was made for me, and my medicine was not his medicine. He must try it for himself the next day.

That night I loaded the rifle as it had never been loaded before, earnestly praying that the good workmanship in barrel and stock would stand the test.

Round came my man bright and early; his braves were with him. As the news of the great transaction had leaked out, there were a good many onlookers. I set the hair trigger and gingerly handed the weapon to my host. There was an open space in front of our tent, and in the middle of it he threw down a bit of hide to serve as a mark. Then riding some hundred yards away, he wheeled his pony, came by at fine speed and, holding the rifle at arm's length, pressed the trigger.

The effect was tremendous. Both barrels went off with a roar; the heavy gun went one way, the pony went another, and the dazed rider went a third way. For a moment the assembly stood speechless, staring at the spectacle; then they united in a deep "How, how!"



The Oil For You

Don't use just any old oil on your dandy scroll saw and tools. It may be too heavy or too light for proper lubrication. Or it may get gummy and cause trouble.

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

is just right for lubricating all light mechanisms, such as tools, bicycles, roller skates. And it won't gum or dry out.

The Handy Oil Can is just the handiest thing you can keep handy. Contains 3-oz. of 3-in-One and has a screw cap nozzle to prevent spilling.

3-in-One is also sold in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles at all good stores.

Be sure to ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red One on the label.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 L.E. William St., New York, N. Y.

"Heap medicine!" the chief grunted and, gathering himself up, let the gun lie where it had fallen.

WAS IT THE SAME CROW?

MANY years ago in an old home in Virginia, writes a correspondent, there lived a small boy who was very fond of pets; he was constantly coming home with stray or wounded dogs, cats and other animals. He had rabbits, squirrels, pigeons and even a chipmunk, which he had taken in its infancy.

One day the boy came with a new pet, a young crow that had fallen from its nest in the top of a tall tree that no one would risk climbing. Fed and cared for, the bird soon became an interesting pet. It spent much time in the living room and particularly enjoyed the warmth of the large open wood fire; it would stand for hours in front of it, turning first one side and then the other to the heat. In summer it flew about the large yard and trees and would come in when called at mealtimes. For several years it showed no disposition to join its fellows, but one day the calls that usually brought it to meals went without response. Some one remarked, "Winter will bring it to the fire." But the crow did not return to the house with the cold weather.

In time a shed over a cellar door needed repairing, and when the old shingles were taken off a store of bright treasures was revealed—pieces of rusty tin, bits of glass and china, a silver thimble, two silver teaspoons, a small pocketknife and a little gold locket and chain, once much sought for by a small girl. No doubt the crow was responsible for the cache.

Years passed; the boy had succeeded his father in the old home, and again children's voices and children's pets filled the old house. It was an unusually cold winter; the frozen ground had been covered with snow for many weeks, and birds had become tame enough to seek barns and houses for food, and indeed frequently fed with the fowls in the farmyards.

One morning a boy opened the front door, when, brushing past him, in walked a crow and strode on silently through the long hall, apparently knowing perfectly well why he had come and where he was going. He turned when he reached a cross hall on the left and stopped at the door of the living room. The boy, who had followed in wonder, now opened the door for the visitor, and into the room the crow walked. Taking no notice of the surprised occupants, he went straight to the open fire and stood before it. Food was brought, and he ate heartily and lived there quietly, generally in that room, for several days. Then one morning we found him dead. Was it the same crow? He did not say.

STOPPING THE MOUTH OF GOSSIP

THE new boarder had just been introduced to a group of boarders on the front porch after dinner and immediately began to chat. "I am a widow," she divulged in the course of the conversation, "my husband has been dead two years and I do not intend to marry again. I have two children. The girl is with me and the boy is staying with his grandmother this summer because his lungs are weak and the doctor said he ought to live on a farm all summer."

"I broke up housekeeping last year and I am going to board for a year or two. I make all my own clothes and trim my own hats. My husband left us independent; but with two children, I have to be careful of expenses. The reason I came here was because a friend who lived here last summer recommended the place to me. We have two rooms and I'd like to get hold of a good washwoman who will do your waists decently and not hold you up for it."

"What on earth did that woman tell us her family affairs for like that?" said one of the boarders, when the newcomer had left the group.

"Because she's wise," said her husband. "She has evidently boarded before and she knows that her best plan is to explain herself to everybody the first day. Any woman who comes into a boarding house and doesn't seem to be willing to talk about her affairs immediately becomes an object of mystery and of gossip. You women who don't have anything to do but to sit around the house all day and comment on the newcomers wonder who she is and how much money she has and if she has no husband, you wonder what she does for a living. Now you know all about that woman. She's given it to you straight."

"I wish she hadn't," sighed his wife. "Now we haven't got a thing to talk about until the next new boarder comes."

AN ULTIMATUM

THE house agent, says Punch, was showing a beautiful country place to a newly-rich profiteer who had the money to buy it, if not the taste to appreciate it.

"Let me tell you, sir," said the agent, "that among its other attractions this house is considered to have the most perfect loggia in the country."

"Oh, it has, has it?" replied the rich man. "Well, 'e'll 'ave to go. We don't have to keep lodgers, you understand."



"That's what I want for Christmas"

"A new bicycle is just what I want—but it must be equipped with a New Departure coaster brake."

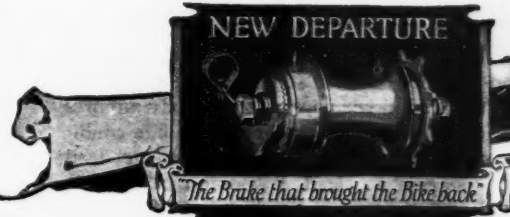
"All the fellows who have them swear they will never again ride a bicycle without the New Departure."

"It makes riding more thrilling, less tiresome, and safer by far. Only a few dollars—for a million dollars worth of fun."

Any dealer can sell you a New Departure equipped bicycle or put this great coaster brake on the wheel you now have.

THE NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

Bristol, Conn.



The Brake that brought the Bike back

Crooked Spines made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 50,000 cases the past 20 years.

30 Days' Free Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old tortuous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine, owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send for Our Free Book

If you will describe the case, it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
63-11 Odd Fellows' Bldg. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Relief for Coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates. 35¢ and 60¢ sizes sold everywhere.

USE PAINADINE for Neuralgia, Toothache and Rheumatic Pains. "Brush On Pain Gone." At druggist's or by mail 50¢. THE CLARK CO., Athol, Mass.

Get \$100 for Christmas!

YOU can earn it selling knitted neckties! Write for our special offer. It's a winner.

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CARTOONING MADE EASY

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Hear all broadcasting through phonograph. Make your own horn. Attach 3-8" Phonadapter to YOUR phonograph. All can hear. Entire family, neighbors, guests can hear operas, lectures, latest news, with this adapter. Stretches over receiver of any standard type head-set and attaches to tone-arm of ANY phonograph. Made of soft, pure gum rubber. Quickly attached and removed. Thousands in use. Will not amplify or distort. For single receiver. For pair of receivers (more than twice the volume) \$1.50.

Go to your dealer. If he cannot supply you send money order, check or currency at our risk. Prompt delivery—postpaid. Also send us name of favorite radio dealer.

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1821 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Easily!

Just fill out this coupon—

Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

Sirs, Enclosed find \$2.50 for which send The Youth's Companion for One Year and the 1924 Companion Home Calendar to



Send Gift Card with Christmas Greetings from

Indicate Here whether we shall ☐ Hold for Christmas ☐ Start at once
SPECIAL { Your Own Renewal One Year } BOTH \$4.00
OFFER { New Subscription One Year }

Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet



What Actual Users Say

"Your Home Comfort Cabinets are well named. We stand it in the cellar in summer time and in the winter it is placed in the pantry. Everybody admires it, and it certainly keeps our eatables in fine condition. No spiders, flies or other vermin can get into it and it is so easy to clean. I wouldn't be without it at three times the price."

"Your cabinet is by far the best looking article in my kitchen and I am very proud of it. I am well satisfied with it in every way, and I know I will get as much comfort out of it as I did my old one, which I had for so many years."

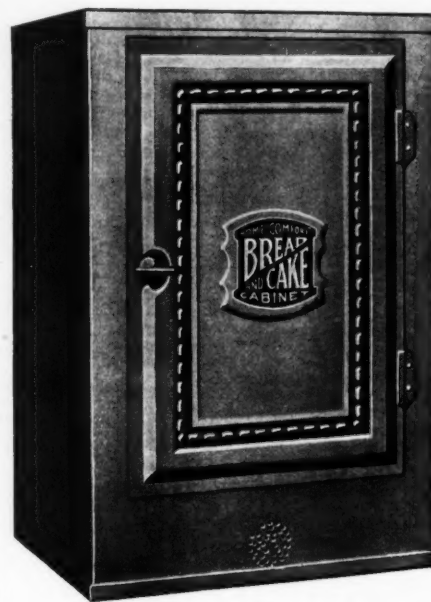
"I have one of your cabinets and like it very much. It was given to me as a wedding present. Kindly write me what they cost as I have two friends each of whom would like to have one."

CONSERVATION of food is a big household item in these days of high prices, and anything which leads to prevent waste and preserve food stuffs is a great economy. For this reason alone—and there are many others—you will find the *Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet* a decided saving in household expense.

It will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days—because it is constructed with a ventilating system that keeps the fresh air circulating through it at all times.

The Home Comfort Cabinet is absolutely dirt-proof, and is readily taken apart for cleaning and sterilizing—it is the most perfect sanitary food cabinet on the market.

The Cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes.

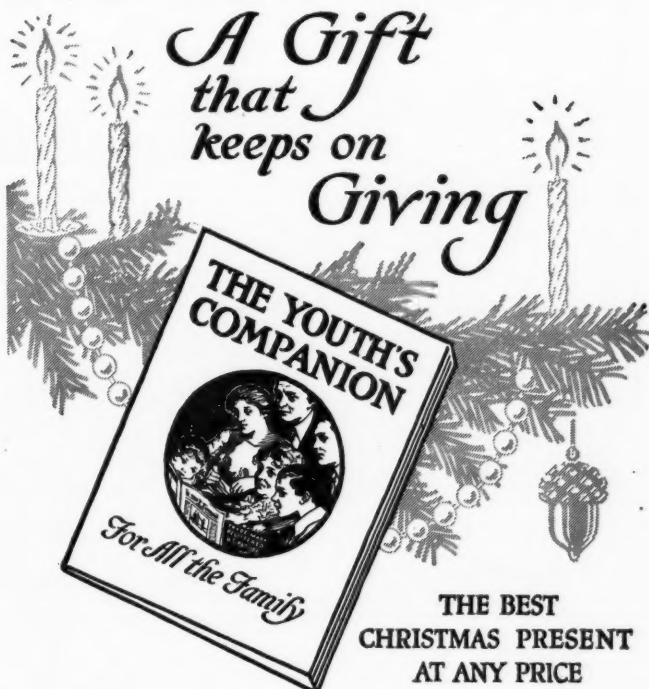


How to Get the Bread and Cake Cabinet

Our Offer. The Home Comfort Cabinet will be sent with a year's subscription for *The Youth's Companion* for only \$1.25 extra (\$3.75 in all); or the Cabinet will be given *free* for three subscriptions, new or renewal, at \$2.50 each. The Cabinet may be purchased separately for \$2.50.

The Cabinet will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 11-lb. package. Shipped either from St. Paul, Minn., or Boston, Mass.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE



For Boys — for Girls — for Parents
For all American Families
who live with high ideals

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR FOLKS

Dear Friend:

The Christmas season is the finest of all the year. No other occasion prompts so many good impulses or gives an opportunity for the expression of so many evidences of thoughtfulness and regard for loved ones and friends. The brightly lighted shops, gay with their Christmas trimmings of red and green, the inviting display of gifts, the good-natured crowds, and the excited expectancy on the faces of the children as they gaze in wide-eyed wonder, make a picture that remains with us as one of the bright spots of the year.

It's a pity to turn such a season into a "nightmare" through last-minute hurry and scurry after gifts. Just a bit of thought devoted early to the question "what to give," and you will then be free to enter into the real spirit of the Christmas season.

We have a suggestion to offer that will help you to make this a merry Christmas for others and at the same time to get your gift selections started early. Haven't you a place on your gift list for one or more subscriptions for *The Youth's Companion*?

Just send us the addresses of your gift subscriptions with remittance and we'll take care of all the details, sending the gift card and the paper in season for the gift-opening on Christmas morning.

Very truly yours,

PERRY MASON COMPANY.

P. S. Remember that a copy of *The Companion Home Calendar* for 1924 goes to every recipient of a gift subscription and to the giver of it as well.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION - - - \$2.50
 YOUR RENEWAL AND
 ONE GIFT SUBSCRIPTION - \$4.00



PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



STAMPS TO STICK

THE varieties of airpost stamps have so increased in number—there are now hundreds of them—that they have become a special branch of philatelic study and have led to the organization in the United States of the Aero-Philatelic Society of America.

The new body purposes to assist the Post Office Department in popularizing the use of the air mails, to urge the use of special-event and air-route postmarks on letters carried by the flying machines, to promote the interests of collectors of aeroplane stamps and covers and through a purchase and exchange department to aid its members in getting such stamps and covers.

All amateur collectors who are twenty-one years old are eligible. Entrance fees will be waived until January 1, 1924. Dues will be two dollars a year. Collectors who are interested in the new organization should communicate with the secretary-treasurer, Mr. George W. Angers, 888 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.

In 1919 there were 14 varieties of air-mail stamps; in 1920, 34; in 1921, 58; and in 1922 there were still more, for 81 different aeroplane stamps appeared. In 1923 the official registers have so far listed 18 varieties, but other airpost stamps have appeared in recent weeks, and still others will appear before the year ends.

Of the more than 200 airpost stamps that have appeared between 1919 and the present time the United States has issued only 3—the 8-cent dark green, the 16-cent dark blue and the 24-cent carmine, mentioned in *The Companion* of September 27.

Among the latest airposts established are those in Iraq and Australia, and each foreshadows the appearance of special stamps. The air route in the Australian Commonwealth links cities in Queensland and Western Australia, and the government is planning to expand the service to cover the entire island continent.

FURTHER high values, ranging from 10,000 to 5,000,000 marks, were issued in Germany before the government stopped issuing postage stamps, as announced in *The Companion* of October 25. The newcomers include: "5,000 Tausend Mark," greenish blue, numeral type; 10,000 marks, pale olive, Cologne Cathedral; "25 Tausend" on 25 marks, brown harvesters type; "30 Tausend" (surcharge in dark blue) on 200 marks, pale blue, numeral type; "50,000 Tausend Mark," ochre, modified numeral type, with posthorns in corners; "75 Tausend" on 1,000 marks, green, numeral type; "75 Tausend" on 300 marks, green, numeral type; 75,000 marks, violet, modified numeral type, with posthorns in corners; "100 Tausend" on 400 marks, green, numeral type; "100 Tausend" on 100 marks, violet, numeral type; "125 Tausend" on 1000 marks, pink, harvesters type; "250 Tausend" on 200 marks, carmine, numeral type; "250 Tausend" on 500 marks, carmine, numeral type; "250 Tausend" on 500 marks, orange, numeral type; "250 Tausend" on 300 marks, green, numeral type; "400 Tausend" (surcharge in purple brown) on 25 pfennigs, brown, numeral type; "400 Tausend" (surcharge in purple brown) on 30 pfennigs, bistre, 1921 numeral type. "500,000 Tausend mark" modified numeral type, with posthorns in corners; "800 Tausend" (surcharge in deep green) on 300 marks, green, numeral type; "800 Tausend" (surcharge in deep green) on 1,000 marks, green, numeral type; "800 Tausend" (surcharge in deep green) on 200 marks, carmine, numeral type; "1 Million mark," modified numeral type, with posthorns in corners; "2 Million" on 300 marks, green, numeral type; "2 Million" on 5,000 marks, lake, numeral type; "2 Million" on 200 marks, rose, numeral type; official stamp, "100 Tausend" on 15 pfennigs, chocolate; official stamp, "250 Tausend" on 10 pfennigs, rose; "5 millionen," rose, modified numeral type, with posthorns in corners.

Unless otherwise indicated, surcharges are in black. At the time the 2,000,000-mark surcharges were issued the inland letter rate in Germany was 2,000,000 marks.

Meanwhile there have appeared in Germany some typographic "receipt labels"—serving as substitutes for postage stamps on registered letters. On each appears the value and, to the surprise of collectors, inscriptions in both German and French. Figures and letters are typeset in black on colored paper, the denominations and colors being 5,000 marks, white; 15,000 marks, green; 30,000 marks, gray; 75,000 marks, red; and 150,000 marks, yellow. It remains to be seen whether they will be recognized by philatelic authorities.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Sets: ten cents to several dollars. New England Stamp Company, 357 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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Packet of scarce stamps from South and Central America, including Venezuela, Cuba, Haiti, Honduras, etc., having catalog value of over \$7.00. Price to new applicants for Fenway net approvals only 13c. To all purchasers of this packet during December we will send free a set of unused German stamps having face value, at pre-war valuation of the mark, of over \$3500.00.

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I want to get acquainted. More than 40 years ago I used the above headline. Many young people replied to my first ad. I love young people, and am the Supt. of a Sunday School, and have been a Stamp dealer for a long time. Just send me 17c and I will send 100 Stamps worth much more. No new Europe. For 2c for postage, I will send my big illustrated circular about my "life book," also 2 Salvador Cards. You will be glad to know me. Sincerely,

J. E. HANDSHAW, Smithtown Branch, N. Y.

500 DIFF. STAMPS AND ALBUM 50c

25 diff. French Colony Picture Stamps 10c. 14 diff. Ukraine 10c. 27 diff. Liechtenstein 12c. 5 diff. White Russia 5c. 8 diff. Latvia 5c. 10 diff. Nyassa Beauties, 10c. 15 diff. Danzig 10c. Big price list and stamp packet free to approval applicants. General: Linde, Columbus, O.

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hundreds of *Companion* readers. You try 'em and be convinced. Usual 50% off with extra discounts for quick returns. Also a real premium to applicants: 4 rare stamps cat. over \$1, and price list. D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

NYASSA GIRAFFES

and packet 52 different scarce stamps, FIUME TRIANGLE, large \$1.00 U. S., etc., All Only 9c to introduce approvals

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POCKET STAMP CASE with 50 DIFF. Foreign Stamps (Newfoundland, Caribou, Fiume Triangulo, Malay Tiger, etc.) Millimeter Scale, Hinges and 15c illus. price list to approval applicants for only 15c. 50 DIFF. U. S. A. (Special Issues, etc.) 13c. 100 DIFF. Brit. Col. (New Zealand Victory, etc.) 35c. E. A. MOSELEY, Box 24, Clayton, Mo.

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for a request for my 1, 2 and 3c net sheets, also the higher priced desirable stamps at 50% discount, and better. You will find many good British Col. on my sheets and books. None better. Chas. T. Edgar, 321 Franklin Ave., P.O. 4, Phila., Pa.

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100 all different good clean Foreign stamps. 1 complete set Georgia, 1 complete set Ukraine, 1000 best white peelable stamp hinges, 1 perforation gauge, 1 large stamp as a prize, price list free. All above items for only 25c.

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30 va. Danzig 25c. 30 va. Portugal and Colonies 25c. 20 va. Greece 15c. "Very Best" approvals at 50% disc. Big premium offer to buyers. Circulars FREE.

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diff. stamps \$1.25; 500 45c; 200 18c; 100 9c; 50 French Colonies 25c; 50 Port. Colonies 25c; 50 British Colonies 25c; 100 Hungary 15c; 300 New Europe 40c. Premium with approvals. List of bargain free. YORKERS EXCHANGE, YORKERS, N. Y.

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80 STAMPS 15c. Seychelles, Kelantan, Sarawak, Indore

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MIXED U. S. old and new 10c. Stamp Albums 15c. 1000 hinges 10c. 100 different Foreign 10c. Big Packet list free. W. H. TERRY, Medina, O.

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with every purchase from my 50% off and 60% approvals. Also have penny approvals. Agents wanted. E. L. Guest, Box 1042, Dallas, Texas

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100 Roumania 70c; 100 all diff. Bavaria 25c. List of 5,000 items 10c (stamp cas. 50c FREE with it). B'WAY STAMP CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

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143 var. foreign stamps, including Slavig, Danzig, etc. 250

hinges, ruler, 4 blank approval sheets, 15c. BEATHER-DALE COMPANY, 400 Lyndale Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

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For Sale. California gold 8 1/2 size, 27c; 8 1/2 size, 55c. Large Cent and 50 page catalog, 10c. N. SHULTZ, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

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for 1c Books, bargains; 6 stamps for 5c, etc. A. F. SIMIONESCU, Backusack, N. J.

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10c each. 10 Animals; 8 Germany; 5 Airmail; 5 Czechoslovak. SIVADAH STAMP CO., Beaver, Colo.

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Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

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A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

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LITTLE'S DISEASE

LITTLE'S disease is the name for a congenital form of spastic paralysis or rigidity of the limbs. In many cases the disease is not recognized until the child begins to walk, though an observant mother or nurse may notice early in the child's life that its extremities, especially the feet, are held stiff, and that it is hard to separate the thighs. The primary cause of the disease is unknown, but is believed to be either some difficulty that affected the child before birth or some injury received at that time.

When the child begins to walk—which is often two or three years later than the usual time—the trouble becomes painfully evident. The child walks on tiptoe with the knees and hips slightly flexed and the knees pressed together or, in extreme cases, even crossed. The gait is what is called spastic; that is, as if the muscles were made of thick rubber that allowed only slight stretching and caused springy, uncertain movements. The feet drag along the ground; it is impossible for the child to lift them high. The condition of the muscles is a curious mixture of weakness and rigidity in varying proportions; sometimes one, sometimes the other predominates. Often the arms are not affected, but when they are the deformity is characteristic. The arm is drawn away from the body; the elbow is bent, and the fingers are all contracted—a condition that makes the arms and hands almost useless.

There may be difficulty in speaking, owing to rigidity of the muscles of the tongue and lips, and sometimes the eye muscles are also affected and cause a condition of cross-eye or side-to-side movements of the eyeballs. Sometimes the mind is more or less affected, and the child will be mentally dull. On the other hand, however, it may be of average intelligence or better.

The disease is situated in the spinal cord and is characterized by hardening of certain parts of that structure with consequent destruction of the nervous tissue and irritation of the ganglions. Sometimes similar changes occur in the brain.

There is no satisfactory treatment, but considerable improvement may follow rest in bed, massage and electrical treatment. Operating and using orthopedic appliances may do much toward helping the child to walk.

VISITING ANNIE

AGAIN and again during the journey Judith felt the old thrill sweep over her at the thought of seeing Annie Faraday. Her magazine lay unopened while she traveled back through the years. She could see as clearly as on the day Annie had first come to school the slender little figure with the delicate vivid face. Vividness had always been Annie's charm. Everything she touched, every hour she lived, seemed to shine with clear color; and the charm had lasted through school and college; and now there would be not only Annie but Annie's home and little Anne. It was not a wealthy home, but what a mother she would be to little Anne!

"I'm as foolish as a schoolgirl," she said to herself as she followed the porter out on the platform. "I didn't know—O Annie, you dear! And this is your little Anne! Oh, I should have known she'd look like that! If you could know how wild with delight I am to see you both!"

Five nights later Judith was alone in her room. She had excused herself early on the plea of headache, but she knew it was heartache. She shut the door and sat down. She was disappointed. Of course Annie was dear; she seemed as fond of her as ever, and she was doing wonders on Steve's small salary. But not once in the five days had she been the old Annie; indeed not once had they had a whole hour together; always Annie had so many things to do. Judith's head lifted suddenly. Why, that was it of course! Annie with head up doing wonders on nothing and never realizing—Judith tore open her door and ran downstairs.

Annie was in the kitchen mixing rolls for

morning; Steve was out that evening. She looked up, startled, as Judith dashed in. "I suppose," said Judith, "that I'll have to let you finish the rolls, since they are started. Then do you know what we are going to do for the rest of the week?"

"What?" Annie asked faintly. "We're going to live on bread and water as far as your guest is concerned. We're going to let the rooms go undusted. You've given me delicacies and luxuries for five days. Now you're going to give me yourself, Annie, and I don't care if we eat crackers out of a paper bag! Do you understand?"

Annie's arms were round Judith's neck. "Oh, that horrid pride of mine! I'm so glad you walked straight through it, Judith!" she cried.

RODIN'S INFERNAL MACHINE

A MYSTERIOUS tin box had arrived from the Near East for Rodin, the sculptor. What in the world did it contain? The family could only guess. In the Cornhill Magazine Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici, who for some years was secretary to the great man, tells of the interesting time that followed there at Rodin's villa in Meudon.

The box, says Mr. Ludovici, was handed to Rodin while he was at lunch, and we all began to speculate on what was in it. One thought it was caviar, another *pâté de foie gras*, and Rodin himself thought it might be merely a practical joke. On finding that he could not open it he called for a pointed instrument, and Joseph, the studio boy, went running off to the studio in search of a chisel. Then suddenly a look of extraordinary guile and alarm came over Rodin's face, and, turning to me, he said, "What if it were an infernal machine designed to explode at the first heavy blow!"

I laughed the suggestion to scorn, but Madame Rodin and the housekeeper, who had been listening intently all the while, looked anything but amused, and in a moment both of them were imploring Rodin to leave the tin box alone.

Now in addition to Rodin's constant fear of violence on the part of his enemies he had a childlike faith in the divinatory power of the female mind. "One never knows," he would often say; "women frequently have the most unaccountable warnings of coming events." Thus it was quite plain that on this occasion the voice of his womenfolk, supporting as it did his own profound suspicions, supplied him with a strong argument for refusing to tamper with the mysterious package; and by the time Joseph arrived with a screwdriver the master's mind was made up.

Joseph was instructed to carry the tin to the farthest corner of the garden and bury it there, and amid much laughter, the greater part of which was merely the expression of relieved alarm, we resumed our meal.

A few days afterwards a friendly letter that had been unaccountably delayed in transit arrived from Greece. The writer announced to Rodin that he had dispatched a tin of the famous Hymettus honey to him and, in view of the master's pronounced love of the ancient Greeks and everything connected with them, hoped that he would eat it with particular relish. It is hardly necessary to add that the brief burial did not impair the honey in the least.

THE PIANIST PLAYS—ON WORDS.

M. PADEREWSKI is something more than a pianist. He is almost an international institution, says the Living Age, and his return to Europe was greeted with the usual crop of anecdotes about him. As is likely to be the case with Paderewski stories, some of them are ingenious plays on words. The best story current in America deals with the great pianist and a hypothetical polo player who, having been introduced to M. Paderewski, ventured to remark that their paths in life were very different. Thereupon the Polish pianist is said to have replied:

"Oh, not at all! You're a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I'm a poor Pole who plays solo!"

Of the same sort is this envening little tale, which comes from the London Morning Post, and which concerns another great artist as well as M. Paderewski:

M. Jean de Reszke once paid a witty compliment to his famous fellow countryman, who gave a recital in Paris on Saturday. At a dinner party at which De Reszke and Paderewski were present another guest put the somewhat tactless question, "Who is the most popular artist on the musical stage?"

"Pas De Reszke," replied the great tenor, thus with a pun denying his own claim and asserting that of M. Paderewski.

KING "TUT" BOUGHT THE BEST

THE professor and his wife, says Punch, were talking over the remarkable discoveries in King Tutenkhamun's tomb. "Isn't it wonderful, my dear?" said the professor. "They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition."

"Well," replied his wife, "I've always said, that it pays in the long run to buy the best."

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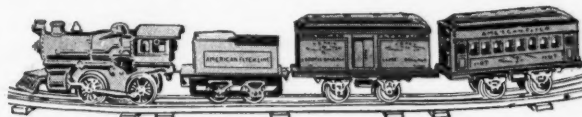
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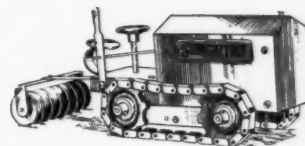
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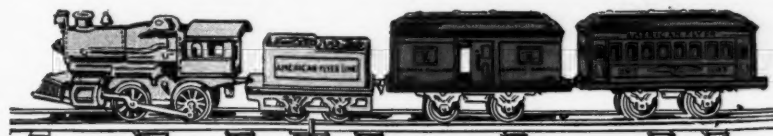
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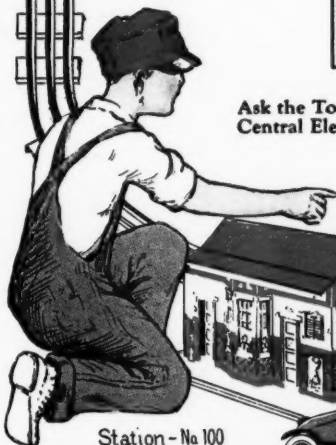
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